MAY 26, 1947

New Republic

Henry Wallace:

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Vets Hit the Road

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New Republic

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Washington Wire

Lost on Pennsylvania Avenue

STALIN asked Stassen three times in one brief conference if America would have a bust. The whole world hangs on the question. Few developments have in them more international dynamite. Yet the divided Washington government incredibly tries to ignore the subject. The Republicans, at their end of Pennsylvania Avenue, have a guilt complex for abolishing the OPA; the result is that Congress, which will normally investigate anything at the drop of a hat—a train wreck, a mine explosion—has as yet held no single public hearing on the greatest catastrophe since the war, the catastrophe of inflated prices of which every housewife is aware.

President Truman, at the other end of the avenue, with what seems at times a genius for blurring an issue, shrugs his shoulders. In effect he says, "Let the Republicans stew in their own juice." But he says it so cryptically that even his own supporters sometimes find it hard to follow. He was asked four times at last week's press conference about Chester Bowles's urgent 15,000-word blueprint for national action. The first two times Truman said he hadn't read the report. Then—

"Do you think there is going to be a bust, Mr. President?"

Truman impatiently replied he did not think so. He said he had made that statement categorically at least a half dozen times.

"You said you don't think there will be any bust. What is your affirmative attitude, Mr. President, toward the economic situation?"

Truman, whom we can't quote in the first person under White House rules, spoke vaguely—he said he did not think there is any necessity for a bust if we follow the rules of common sense and don't let the greedy people get control of the country. That is what we have been trying to prevent, he continued, but there hasn't been much coöperation, legislatively or publicly.

So there you have it. Silence on one side, and "the greedy people" on the other. Responsibility is lost somewhere between one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and the other.

The day after the Truman no-bust statement, stocks suffered a $1 billion break, returning to the lowest levels since January, 1945. The May 17 issue of the New York *Times* (leader of the anti-OPA fight) which carried an editorial pooh-poohing the Bowles, Paul Porter, Leon Henderson for-goodness-sake-let's-do-something plea, told of an "avalanche of selling orders" hitting Wall Street.

The CIO did a disservice to labor in its original slick trick of bringing phony portal-to-portal-pay suits. Congress seized the excuse and wrote a law which we are sorry Truman signed. What the new law does is to attack the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938 obliquely, in the first big legislative blow at New Deal reform.

THE new Gwynne Act puts a dozen obstacles in the way of the worker defending himself or getting damages when an employer violates federal wage-and-hour standards. The chiseling employer can now duck through a loophole as big as a tent called the "good faith" provision, and there are a dozen others. The real sufferers are the 10 million non-unionized workers covered by the wage-hour law; union workers are in a much better position to protect themselves. The fair-minded employer is now also exposed to his cut-rate, chiseling competitor.

Truman ignored Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach by signing the bad Act. Then, to make it funny, he announced he was asking Schwellenbach to watch the operation of the new law: if it doesn't work right, he assured labor,

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Rainy Day Protection

Since the advent of Henry Wallace as Editor of New Republic a storm of interesting discussion has arisen throughout the country about this publication . . . more discussion than has occurred in publishing circles in a long time. The arguments over economic, social, and political issues are bound to be hot and heavy during the next 17 critical weeks, so it will pay to play safe by protecting yourself against the stormy days ahead. Stay on high—dry—safe news-ground by reading New Republic regularly—by *subscribing*. Use it as your guide through stormy international and political weather. Its long-range news interpretations will help you evaluate today's happenings and prepare you for *coming events. Make this introductory test – 17 issues of New Republic for $2.*

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New Republic

he will ask Congress to fix it up. Taft and Hartley aren't ordinarily laughing men, but they must have chuckled.

RATHER ignobly, we think, the American press fought the government's anti-trust suit against the Associated Press, and lost in the Supreme Court. Recently, under the dubious banner of Colonel Bertie McCormick, some 800 newspapers, still more ignobly, have been backing the Mason bill, which would, in effect, overrule the Supreme Court by exempting newspapers from the anti-trust laws. (It's the same trick the railroads are trying under the Reed-Bulwinkle bill.) This is a conservative Congress, but even so, a House judiciary subcommittee just couldn't stomach this proposal, rejecting it overwhelmingly last week and thus probably killing the bill.

WE heard Generals Marshall and Bedell Smith—pardon us, we mean Secretary Marshall and Ambassador Smith—testify last week, and were again impressed by their force and effectiveness. As we came away from their respective appearances, we again pondered their meaning. Has our political system really reached the point where it fails to develop great civilian leaders? And what is leadership anyway? Even after taking Marshall from the Army, the Truman Administration has one almost fatal lack—a man who can eloquently explain things to the public in terms that it can understand. Though Marshall's voice in foreign affairs has force and he is a great administrator, the Army didn't teach him eloquence; his dreary radio report from Moscow put millions to sleep.

NOTES. – Some of our friends think Britain may revert to a coalition government next year under a "siege economy"; approaching problems are felt to be too big for one-party responsibility. . . . Our archaic legislature is so clumsy that lobbyists are now absolutely necessary to make it work, says Representative Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) in his new book, *20th Century Congress*. . . . Returned travelers from Russia say Stalin has aged perceptibly.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 21, ISSUE 1995, NEW YORK CITY, MAY 26, 1947

News in Focus

Axeman John

National Budget

ONE of the few safe assumptions about last November's election is that most of the voters seemed to want to see their government run economically and put back on a pay-as-you-go basis. Last week, as the House passed its fourth major appropriation bill, every citizen could see he was getting economy all right (see table). But more and more voters, Republicans as well as Democrats, were beginning to liken the savings to a man who cuts his living costs by canceling his insurance, not paying his hospitalization, failing to repair the roof of his house and cutting off his aged mother without a cent.

President Truman, who had read the election signs, too, had passed the word around that the large approach to 1948 budget plans would not do. Departments and agencies put in realistic requests. Many useful activities were dropped. President Truman went over the lists with a heavy black pencil anyway; knocked off a further $7 billion. The result was a plan to spend $37.5 billion in fiscal 1948, regarded by most economists as about rock bottom and by many an unhappy government administrator as downright discrimination.

Into this frugal picture stepped the Republicans, the smell of political blood still fresh in their nostrils. They would cut everything in sight—budget, taxes and the debt. To bring off this feat of financial legerdemain, the budget would have to be trimmed substantially. House Republicans boasted they would knock $6 billion off the Administration estimates. The Senate said "me, too" for $4.5 billion. There was nothing to worry about; stout John Taber (R, N. Y.) could be heard wielding his axe in the Appropriations committeeroom.

To date Axeman John, who fears no man, had finished four bills, affecting nine major departments and agencies, and had jammed them through the House with little or no change. Although the chips had been flying alarmingly, the chopping would be even tougher on the $7 billion requested for the Army, Navy, Veterans' Administration and service of the public debt. As more sober fellow Republicans in the Senate examined the results to date, the feeling grew that John, albeit stout, was none too savvy. The voters were beginning to pick up John's shavings and examine them closely.

¶ Interior cuts showed a grim determination to sacrifice the nation's future, underwritten by conservation and development of natural resources, in order to make a momentary record of saving (the *NR*, May 5). Even large investments already made were not protected. The Bureau of Reclamation, which deals with irrigation and power development, lifeblood of the West, was cut 57 percent. Its general investigation funds were cut from $5 million to $125,000, virtually killing every report being prepared for several hundred projects in 17 states. A cut in construction money from $132 million to $55 million would practically nullify all expenditures already made for the nation's great regional-development undertakings.

The Geological Survey was also cut in half, curtailing the search for ground water and new mineral deposits. The Bureau of Mines was cut $6 million, reducing statistical work and safety programs. In the first year when Americans can enjoy fully their great open spaces, the National Park Service was cut from $14.5 million to $10.3 million, and a "disastrous" cut of nearly 50 percent was made in the Fish and Wildlife Service. The Indian Service was cut more than $10 million, which will reduce Indian education by 33 percent and throw thousands of children out of school. To save $170,000, all fire protection in Alaska will be dropped. Work on soil and moisture conservation, the anti-dust-bowl program, was cut almost in half. Statistical, technological and economic services to commercial fishermen will be practically terminated. The Denver *Post* summed up the House action as "not economy—merely poor business."

¶ Labor Department cuts were a brazen move to nullify much of the New Deal

How the Republican Axe Is Swinging

Department	*Budget Request ($000)*	*Appropriated by the House ($000)*	*Amount Cut ($000)*	*Percent Cut*
Treasury	2,544,034	1,671,317	872,717	34.3
Post Office	1,545,089	1,530,733	14,356	.92
State	279,538	219,128	60,410	21.6
Justice	111,470	108,397	3,073	2.7
Commerce	286,989	194,257	92,732	32.3
Judiciary	20,625	17,146	3,479	16.8
Interior	295,420	161,414	134,004	45.3
Labor	103,578	89,864	13,714	13.2
Federal Security	960,168	899,045	61,123	6.3
TOTAL	6,146,911	4,891,301	1,255,608	20.4

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program and the advance of the last decade in labor-management relations. The National Labor Relations Board, with a backlog of 5,400 cases, had its funds halved. James B. Carey, secretary-treasurer of the CIO, said this means that if a union complains today that its members have been fired unfairly or that management has refused to bargain, a decision cannot be had for more than two years, plenty of time for a union to lose heart and die. Funds to administer the Fair Labor Standards Act were cut from $5.2 to $3.7 million; child-labor-law enforcement was left with $35,819 for the entire nation; and the heart was cut out of the US Conciliation Service, the department's successful and only weapon for minimizing strikes.

In what has been widely described as an attempt to hide the effects of their social and economic folly, the House Republicans cut the Bureau of Labor Statistics from $6.7 to $2.3 million. The Division of Labor Standards is abolished, which will end all government industrial-safety programs (yearly loss: two million injured; 16,000 killed; $3.5 billion wasted). The Federal Security appropriation, acted upon in the same bill as the Labor Department, was notable for another penalty on the future to make a showing today; funds for hospital construction were cut from $50 million to $865,000. Public-health aid to the states was cut some 25 percent. Other examples of penny wisdom:

¶ Commerce: Bureau of the Census cut $5 million; federal-airport program cut more than $30 million; even such vital services as the US Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Bureau of Standards and the Weather Bureau were sharply curtailed.

¶ Treasury: the heaviest cuts here were actually in income-producing agencies. The Bureau of Customs lost $6 million and the Bureau of Internal Revenue $830 million. Tax evasion and customs evasion should now be much easier.

¶ State, which is assuming much of the US's growing worldwide responsibilities from the Army, was cut 21.6 percent. Much of it lay in the complete elimination, over Secretary Marshall's protest, of all foreign information and cultural-relations work, including the Voice of America broadcasts.

High Price of Normalcy

MEMO TO CONGRESSMEN WHO KILLED THE OPA SAYING PRICES WOULD DROP TO "NORMAL" LEVELS: The purchasing agent of a small Buffalo, New York, manufacturing plant testified before a Senate subcommittee last week that steel, which should cost him about $70 per ton, was being offered to him on the black market for $245.

¶ Justice came off very well, with J. Edgar Hoover plugging the Communist bugaboo for all it was worth. For his FBI, it was worth a handsome $35 million—every penny Hoover had asked for. The only Justice cuts were minor ones for penal and correctional work, immigration and naturalization, and anti-trust enforcement. The Republican New York *Herald Tribune* asked congressmen "whether they want to sustain the American system by ideas or by the FBI, by principles or by the police."

Axeman John Taber noted with sadistic glee that federal agencies were "squealing like a stuck pig." But the conservative *Christian Science Monitor* voiced a squeal which expressed the feelings of many farmers, industrial workers, sportsmen, ranchers, fishermen, scientists and small businessmen (and some big ones, too) from coast to coast: "There is serious doubt whether economy is the chief purpose of such butchery. The motives of the Republican majority seem a conglomeration of underhanded knifing of New Deal agencies, political billboard posting and pure stupidity. The party's congressional leaders ought to crack the whip against this irresponsible outburst of political money-grubbing."

Equal Encouragement

Transportation

With a freight-rate structure that would give equal encouragement to industry in the South and West, industry would flourish, and a greater market for farm products could be created within these regions, nearer . . . to the source of many of the raw commodities.—*From* The Shore Dimly Seen, *by Ellis Arnall.*

THE first leg of the South's long pull for equal freight rates was achieved last week. The Supreme Court upheld an Interstate Commerce Commission order to remove certain discrepancies between the South and the Northeast. The seven-to-two decision by no means solved entirely the South's disadvantage on the railroads. But it did reduce by 10 percent the transportation cost of manufactured articles shipped from the South.

The majority opinion, presented by Justice Douglas, was really a study of how "the economic development in the South and West has lagged and still lags behind . . . [Northeastern] territory" (see page 16). The Southern region has traditionally furnished the raw materials to the East and then bought back the finished products because of the handicap on goods manufactured and shipped out of its own territory. A Nashville shipper, for example, pays 39 cents more on each 100 pounds of freight moving to Indianapolis, Indiana, than a competitor who ships from Indianapolis to a point of equal distance in the East.

The two dissenting Justices (Frankfurter and Jackson) gave formidable arguments against the ICC's method of dealing with discrimination—especially an order boosting rates in the Northeast 10 percent pending over-all readjustments. Jackson insisted that the "additional assessment" for Eastern traffic "burdens the territory where 50 percent of the consuming population of the United States resides by adding an estimated $15 million a year to its shipping bills." He pointed out that the order added that much to revenues of the Northeastern roads without showing it was needed to meet service costs.

Meanwhile, on Capitol Hill the railroad lobby was frantically pushing passage of the Bulwinkle and Reed bills which would legalize their freight-rate-making bureaus. Said Arnall: "Congress, in the past, has regarded the railroads as free enterprises. It seems unlikely that the members will change their minds and agree that one kind of business in America is free to engage in conspiracy. But the railroad lobby is energetic; it is hopeful, too, that Congress and the people will nod some morning."

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Blueprint

Prices

NEITHER Newburyport ballyhoo nor President Truman's pleading had made enough dent in prices to impress a citizenry increasingly harassed by wage-price inequities. In fact, the Department of Commerce reported food prices, which hit the citizen hardest, had risen another 2.4 points during the first week of May (latest available statistics).

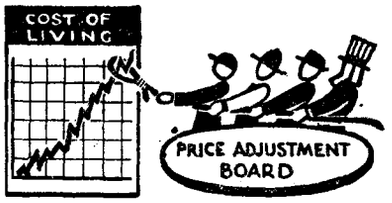
So far, all that a torpid Congress, empowered by the Full Employment Act to guard against boom-and-bust cycles, had done was to poll businessmen asking them what they thought of the situation. In the view of many economists, much more drastic action than that was required, and a group of them, sponsored by the Americans for Democratic Action, last week announced a comprehensive, detailed program (see chart) designed to head off depression.

On the ADA committee were three former OPA administrators—Chester Bowles, Leon Henderson and Paul Porter—who knew the difficulties that any economic planning is bound to meet in US politics but who also knew the urgency of the need. At a Washington press conference launching the program, Bowles made it clear that he considered indiscriminate price-cutting dangerous and plugged instead for orderly cuts under a proposed Price Control Board which would have two weapons: (1) authority to give full publicity to stubborn holdouts; (2) the government's powerful position, as a major purchaser, to affect prices.

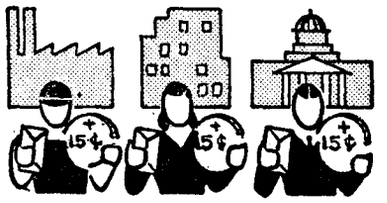
The prime requisite for preventing depression, Bowles pointed out, is to maintain mass buying power, which requires not only price cuts but also a rapid spread of the 15-cent-per-hour "wage package" and coördination with such long-term projects as foreign lending, increased public housing and a stable farm program.

Not even the most optimistic members of the Bowles committee believed that such a sweeping program would have much chance in the present economy-obsessed, anti-planning Congress. The committee did, however, send a copy of the program to every congressman and to President Truman. Be-

The ADA's Plan to Beat the Bust



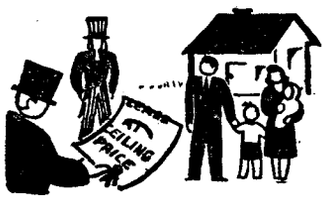
1. An "orderly and equitable" reduction in retail prices, averaging 10 percent, by a quasi-public board.



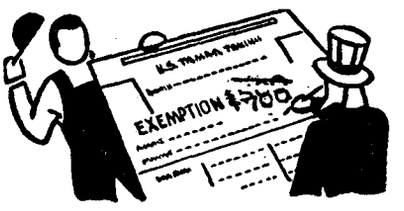
2. Wider application of the 15-cent-an-hour wage increases to unorganized white-collar and government workers.

3. Raise statutory minimum wages from 40 to 65 cents an hour, and "in due course" to 75 cents.

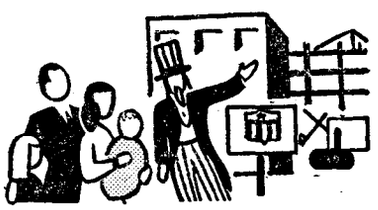
4. Extend unemployment insurance to 14 million workers not now covered, raising and extending payments.



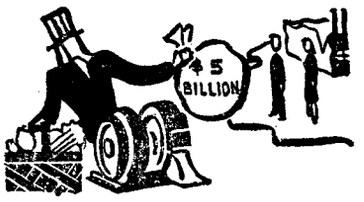
5. Continue present rent controls with adequate funds for administration and enforcement.



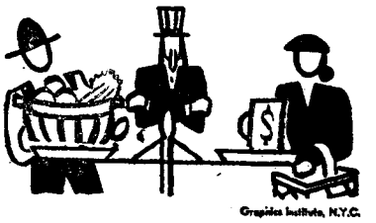
6. Relieve taxes on low-income brackets by increasing individual exemptions from $500 to $700.



7. Provide federal guarantees for 1.5 million housing units a year and a public low-cost-housing program of 500,000 rental units a year.



8. Expand the lending authority of the Export-Import Bank by $5 billion a year for UN world reconstruction.



9. Revise the farm program to stimulate food consumption, curb speculation and stabilize prices.

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yond that, all the ADA could hope was that some miracle of organized public pressure would force Congress and the Administration to act before it was too late.

Had Enough?

Washington

LAST fall voters in the state of Washington's Third District, irked by the meat shortage, high prices, industrial unrest, etc., decided to try something new in the way of a congressman. They by-passed the incumbent, New Dealing Charles Savage, in favor of his GOP opponent Fred Norman. Five months of Republican fumbling on Capitol Hill followed, culminating in a drastic slash in funds for Western power development and reclamation (see page 5). Last week the Third District seemed about ready to hand the reins back to Savage.

The ex-Representative looked like an odds-on favorite to take the Republican nominee, publisher Russell V. Mack, in a special election June 7 to fill the vacancy created by Norman's death. His decisive victory (16,452 to 11,546) in last week's Democratic primary over state's attorney general Smith Troy, a strong vote-getter, was only half the story. A more significant fact was the heavy Democratic turnout, in which twice as many ballots were cast for Savage and Troy as were recorded for four candidates in the Republican primary. Union members mobilized the labor vote behind Savage's consistent New Deal record and helped to swell the registration figures.

Savage's victory also gave a hint of voters' dissatisfaction with the Administration's foreign policy. Although the Truman Doctrine was not an open issue in the primary battle, Savage has never concealed his support of policies advocated by Henry Wallace. The defeated Troy was a down-the-line supporter of the President's program for Greece and Turkey. Back East, the New York *Daily News* passed on this pre-primary tip to its readers: "The outcome should be something of an indicator of just how hot or otherwise the Far Western voters are to fight communism in far countries with dollars."

Reversal

Arizona

LABOR leaders, depressed by the tide of anti-labor laws which have already swept 13 states and the federal Congress, could seek some consolation in Arizona. There Democratic Governor Sidney P. Osborn was resisting the trend, had already won one stubborn battle to protect unions against crippling legislation and was prepared to fight it out again if necessary.

Arizona's state legislature, caught up in the spreading fever, recently chose several fashionable solutions to industrial unrest. In quick succession Governor Osborn vetoed bills which would have: (1) prohibited secondary boycotts; (2) made labor unions liable to suit; and (3) curbed bargaining powers under a state labor board. From a hospital bed, the Governor voiced his opposition to "one-sided restrictive legislation, which never accomplishes a worthy purpose." The ailing Governor did sign a fourth measure implementing a newly adopted anti-closed-shop amendment (the *NR*, February 24), but with the reservation that by so doing he was paving the way for labor to hold a referendum on the issue. (Petitions are now being circulated by union groups.)

In an agricultural state where the labor-union vote is not a dominant political factor, Governor Osborn's actions could hardly be interpreted as a bid for popular support. But his stand was in character. As a liberal newspaper editor and public servant, he had frequently sided with the underdog.

Although Osborn's policies occasionally run against the stream, most of the state's half-million people figure him as one of their own. He was born into a pioneer family 63 years ago, within shouting distance of the capitol at Phoenix. He is a grave and silent man, yet he has the toughness of saguaro cactus in his make-up. Despite a lingering illness (progressive muscular atrophy), Osborn has kept vigorously at his duties. It took him four tries before he was elected Governor the first time. Since then, Arizona voters have returned him four successive times. Last year he carried every county in the state.

Whatever Arizona's traditionally conservative legislature might do about labor in the future, the Governor, at least, was not the type to weaken.

Check List

¶ An Illinois grand jury charged the Centralia Coal Company with "willful neglect" leading to the blast which killed 111 miners (the *NR*, April 7). The decision made safety-code violators liable to $500 fines.

¶ The Connecticut State Senate defeated the Alsop bill, which would have allowed mild birth-control measures (the *NR*, May 19), by an unrecorded voice vote.

¶ Brooklyn's Jackie Robinson, Negro first baseman who has been having both batting and personal troubles (the *NR*, May 19), hit in his fourteenth straight game, boosted his average to .305.

Silent Sentinel

South Carolina

TRADITION lurked last week along the tree-shaded streets of Greenville, where the textile mills of the new South stand like milestones against the hazy foothills of the ageless Blue Ridge mountains. He had come to watch. The shadow of the silent sentinel could be felt everywhere in the town. But inside the yellow walls of the county courthouse it seemed to waver and, at moments, dissolve in the shimmering heat of the packed auditorium.

On the bench, under a wooden canopy carved with the scales of justice, 37-year-old Judge J. Robert Martin stared out on a sight unique in Southern history. Thirty-one gaunt and nervous figures, some clasping the hands of their unbelieving wives and children, sat in two front rows before him. The white men were all charged with the lynch-murder of a Negro—25-year-old Willie Earle—whose mutilated and shot-blasted body had been found one morning last February on a lonely country road (the *NR*, March 3).

The mere presence of the accused in a court of justice was enough to cause tradition to fall back a step in consternation. The dispatch with which

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they had been rounded up and brought to the bar was no less an affront to the visitor out of the South's shaded past.

¶ Governor J. Strom Thurmond, a veteran of D-Day in Normandy, when he first heard of the lynching had made his sentiments clear: "We in South Carolina want the world to know we will tolerate no mob violence."

¶ Within four days of the crime the 31 suspects were all under arrest after one of the state's most intensive man hunts.

¶ To prosecute the defendants, the Governor called on Spartansburg's Sam R. Watts, who last year won 471 convictions in 473 tries.

¶ Judge Martin, brushing aside motions for postponement, ruled out a Klansman from the jury, speeded to completion of a panel in two days (half the jury were textile workers) and expedited the proceedings with each brusque rap of his gavel.

Such noteworthy vigilance was not to be mistaken for something it did not claim to be. The prejudices rooted in generations of habit were not so easily put to flight. In Greenville's courthouse last week, Negroes respectfully watched the drama from their allotted places in the balcony. (To a venireman who protested that he "preferred not to serve in this case," the judge snapped, "So do I, but it's got to be done.") Among blue-jeaned loiterers on the courthouse steps there was sometimes a low murmur of unrest. Even members of the Greenville Christian Ministers' Association, which was unanimous in "deploring the lawlessness exhibited in the lynch-murder of Willie Earle," were scarcely rash enough to bowl tradition completely over.

The white law of South Carolina, struggling with its sense of decency, was perhaps perceptibly influenced by the caste of the defendants. All but three of the prisoners were taxi drivers, frequenters of the "rough" little cafés around the Southern depot and poorly educated. (Bespectacled Roosevelt Carlos Hurd Sr., accused by eight companions of twice firing a shotgun into the Negro's head, had finished only second

Report from Hollywood

by Emil Corwin

AIDED by such film luminaries as Adolphe Menjou, Robert Taylor and Richard Arlen, the House Committee on Un-American Activities last week wound up a 10-day investigation of Communist activities in Hollywood with what Chairman J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.) called "amazing results." The avowedly secret hearings in the Biltmore Hotel somehow managed to fill columns in the papers. Whatever information the witnesses failed to furnish reporters, the committee generously supplied.

There was no questioning of the approved Americanism of 13 of the 14 witnesses. The exception was the noted film composer, Hans Eisler, whose brother, Gerhardt, had been cited for contempt of Congress. Thomas told reporters that Hans Eisler was an "evasive" witness. His evasiveness consisted largely of being unable to say whether it was in 1931 or 1932 he visited Russia, not remembering the name of the ship that brought him to America several years ago, or the name of the government employee who asked him to write music for a movie short on agriculture. Eisler's counsel, Ben Margolis, protesting that his client was not permitted to finish his explanations, was told he had no right to object and would be thrown out if he did so. Margolis' demand that a transcript of the Eisler testimony be made public brought the sharp reminder that this, after all, was a secret hearing.

Witnesses of unquestioned "loyalty," somewhat better known than Eisler and certainly more photogenic, found "secrecy" hardly any encumbrance in getting their particular views widely published. Dapper Adolphe Menjou told Chairman Thomas he believes that "Hollywood is one of the main centers of Communist activity in America," and that the masters in Moscow want to use our movies "for their own purposes—the overthrow of the US." Qualifying himself as an authority on communism by having read 350 books on Russia and speaking the language, Menjou declared: "I would shut all Reds out of the country as they shut our people out of Russia. I would distort everything they say as they distort everything we say."

Chairman Thomas found Menjou's testimony "a most constructive and enlightening presentation."

Robert Taylor's testimony, later relayed to the press by Thomas, was that he had been forced by an "agent of the government" to play a role in the film "Song of Russia," despite the fact he refused to do so on the grounds that it was Communist propaganda. The government agent was identified as Lowell Mellett, formerly of the OWI, who said in Washington the charges were "too damn silly to deny."

He-man Richard Arlen censured screen writers who inject subtle plugs for the Kremlin into their scripts, although he admitted that "it's difficult to put your fingers on them." If he couldn't, Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger, could: "When my daughter was making 'Tender Comrade,' an RKO picture, she was given a line to read. Here's as close as I can recall it: 'Share and share alike—that's democracy.' I think that's definitely Communist propaganda. Ginger refused to read that line, so it was given to a sweet and unquestionably loyal youngster, Kim Hunter, to read."

THE surprise was left for the end—the unexpected appearance of Victor Kravchenko, former Red Army officer who deserted his government in 1944. His appearance followed by one day a press revelation that he had received mysterious telephone threats to blow up the Beverly Hills residence where he is a house guest. Kravchenko (in the Communist-infested film capital to see his anti-Communist book, *I Chose Freedom*, made into a "realistic" motion picture by an "honest Hollywood producer") said that few companies in Hollywood want to make pictures that "show the Soviet Union as it really is." Chairman Thomas beamed, scribbled a few notes and put in a plug for the second half of the committee's double feature on movieland. It opens in Washington on June 16.

Emil Corwin, brother of radio writer Norman Corwin, is on the staff of California's Script *magazine.*

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grade.) One of the exceptions, the handsome, six-foot nephew of a wealthy mill owner, had a lawyer all his own who claimed his client had followed the lynchers out of mere curiosity. The fruit jars labeled "Taxi Drivers' Defense," which popped up before the trial on the counters of some stores and filling stations, had filled poorly. The "better elements" of Greenville were accustomed to more finesse in regulating their race problem.

This week, as the state of South Carolina rested its argument, Judge Martin prepared to decide in how many of the cases the evidence warranted consideration by the jury. Beyond that, the all-white jury had still to arrive at a verdict. Tradition lingered patiently by the white columns at the courthouse doorway to count the free men who might by chance be filing out.

New Faces

Nebraska

TRADITIONALLY, Nebraskans have countenances as open as their countryside. A Nebraska farmer's sense of humor is as broad as the sweep of prairie he plants with corn. He is generally a friendly man, easy to approach. But in growing cities like Omaha and Lincoln, the Cornhusker State is not so neighborly as it used to be.

Since the war new faces have been appearing among Nebraska's one-time homogeneous population: Negro workers, relocated Japanese Americans and migrant Mexican farmhands. In Lincoln, a Nisei war vet, wearing his Army uniform, was recently ordered out of a café by an outraged proprietor. A former WAC secretary hunted in vain for an office job; she was a Negro. Another Negro, a college graduate, had to settle for work as a waiter. In Omaha the Urban League found only 200 out of 6,000 working Negroes employed at tasks fitting their capacities.

Last week many disturbed Nebraskans, upset by burgeoning race prejudice in their state, were trying to do something about it. They apparently faced a long, bitter pull. They had already suffered a major defeat in the state legislature, where Senator Harry Foster had unsuccessfully introduced Legislative Bill 421: ". . . it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation . . . to refuse to employ any person who is a citizen of the United States on account of the race, color, creed, religion or national origin of such person. . . ."

At public hearings dozens of civic organizations, the state AFL and CIO, the AVC and scores of ministers, teachers and students had announced their support of L. B. 421. On the legislature's labor committee, which held the hearings, Senator Foster had had the active support of Senator Harry Pritchard, a World War II veteran. Hundreds of postcards advocating the bill had flooded the committee mailbox.

Opposition to the bill was composed largely of small-town employers, businessmen, some industrialists; also Senator Carl Vogel, chairman of the labor committee. The hearing provided interesting samples of the opposition's reasoning. Charles Ammon, president of the Lincoln Motor Works, declared: "After my sons fought in this war, you couldn't force me to hire any Jap." (A Nisei GI in the audience smiled sourly.) An Omaha tradesman gestured helplessly: "After all, God hasn't been able to take care of this problem in all these years." Attorney Ralph Slocum, of the Nebraska Small Businessmen's Association, was the bill's most voluble opponent—"You are going to stir up trouble." Committee Chairman Vogel led off his cross-examination of L. B. 421's friends with a rhetorical question: "Do you think an employer should be forced to hire a Communist?"

When the testimony was in, Vogel made short work of L. B. 421. Although the rules of Nebraska's unicameral legislature encourage open committee meetings (even newsmen are allowed), the chairman called for a quick, secret vote. The committee ambushed the bill six to two, and a motion for revival was subsequently killed by a narrow margin. L. B. 421's disappointed backers grimly recalled the state's motto, "Equality before the law."

Senator Pritchard described the defeat as "tragic," and got set for another try. Lincoln's Social Action Council undertook a detailed report on housing and employment discrimination in the state capital. Postcards asking for an even stronger bill are swarming in. The next target in the campaign for fair-employment regulations in Nebraska will be directed straight to the Governor's office.

Point and Collect

Rome

IT DIDN'T take a needy world long to find out that the Truman Doctrine really paid off. The formula was simple: point to a Red menace and collect. Turkey and Greece would soon get their share. France, tossing the Communists out of the cabinet, had been selected as the first beneficiary of the US-controlled World Bank (the *NR*, May 19). Brazil, catching on fast, had outlawed the Communist Party. Last week, inflation-ridden Italy tried the formula.

Mild-spoken, harried Alcide de Gasperi tried vainly to bring representatives of some of the dozen other Italian parties into his coalition cabinet of centrist Christian Democrats, Socialists and Communists. His aim: to offset and weaken the left wing. But few wanted in.

Few were willing to take the responsibility for the thousands of tattered unemployed lounging in the village squares, for the worker whose day's wages couldn't buy even a pound of spaghetti. There was general reluctance to press the anti-inflation program to a showdown (on the night of his resignation, de Gasperi hinted in a radio address to the country that Italy was on the brink of financial chaos, that the people ought to "coöperate").

The heavy financial burden of the peace treaty, and a disinclination to rule out the Communists entirely from the cabinet for fear of upsetting the powerful Italian General Confederation of Labor, made the picture different from that of France. Additionally, unlike France, Italy's Socialists had not broken with the Communists. But the stakes were high—an Export-Import Bank credit of $100 million, Italy's share of a $350 million US foreign-relief bill.

Meanwhile, the expiring $425 million UNRRA program for Italy, her main financial prop for the last 15 months, was racing the political crisis to an end.

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Henry Wallace

Report from the Middle West

A NEW SPIRIT is awakening in America. A new strength is stirring. The people are preparing to resume their forward march toward a progressive America. That is my conclusion, and the conclusion of the group of old-time newspapermen with whom I have just traveled through the Middle West.

In Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, I have spoken before some of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds that I have ever seen. The intensity of feeling approached the highest pitch reached in the final stages of an election campaign.

Among these crowds of workers, farmers, middle-class groups and students, I found a new intensity of emotion, a desire to participate in a common effort, an anticipation of historic events that are breaking. I found an altogether new response to certain ideas.

I found the greatest enthusiasm for the nationalization of the coal mines among farmers who came from Red Wing, Rochester and other Minnesota farm areas to our meeting in Minneapolis. I found a strong response from university students in the traditionally isolationist areas of Minnesota, Illinois and Michigan, to the idea of world citizenship. Among these students, packed in huge meetings, I saw an earnest concern for the future. They were by no means all friendly, or even sympathetic. Three out of four of the students at Ann Arbor would probably vote Republican today. But they feel that no one they trust is providing answers to their pressing problems. They are in an open-minded, questioning mood, searching for convincing answers and ready for new ideas.

Everywhere Americans are facing increasing difficulties as prices rise and layoffs mount. The mainly conservative press gives little expression to these worries and the people have an uneasy, thwarted feeling that on domestic and world issues the press is no longer giving them the whole story or even the true story. This combination of a one-party government and a one-party press opens the way for a swift and startling response to any challenge to the present drift toward depression and war. This response may not always be progressive in the traditional sense. Farmers, church leaders, small businessmen, fair-minded conservatives who believe that peace with Russia is possible, are all seeking a lead. But only progressives can give this movement shape and direction. The deep and disturbing divisions within the progressive movement alone prevent the swift emergence of a new political force in American life.

These facts were brought home to me many times on my trip.

I arrived in Minneapolis in the midst of a municipal election. Mayor Hubert Humphrey, of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, was leading a mixed slate to victory in a traditionally conservative city. I found great vigor and hope in Minnesota, which has in the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party the most progressive state leadership in the Democratic Party today.

The party is by no means unified. The divisions within it are deep and bitter, following historic lines in Minnesota politics.

The old Democratic Party was traditionally an Irish Catholic party. It always ran third on the ballot and existed largely to reap the benefits of federal patronage. For the sake of patronage, Democrats waged hot primary battles, and then took life easy during the election.

THE Farmer-Labor Party, which grew out of the old Non-Partisan League, had deep roots in rural and industrial Minnesota, created under the liberal leadership of Floyd Olsen. It was by nature a militant, outspoken party. It never knew what the Communist line was and it never cared. Within the party, the CIO and the AFL worked closely together and were active in politics.

In 1944 the parties merged. Two years later, the predominance of the Farmer-Labor wing in the new party asserted itself. Despite the confusions created by Stassen's activities and the virulent anti-progressive campaigns, which included anti-Semitism, the DFL, under two outstanding progressives, Harold Barker and Theodore Jorgensen, polled 40 percent of the vote in a bad year.

Yet the division between the two wings remains to weaken the DFL. On one side, progressives and opponents of the Truman Doctrine are grouped under Barker, state chairman of the DFL, and the Independent Voters of Minnesota. On the other side there is a shifting alliance of former isolationists, right-wing Democrats and some Republicans, including such men as John Lyons and Henry Bender, campaign managers for the

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discredited team of Hjalmar Petersen and Hendrik Shipstead, defeated by the Stassen slate of Thye and Youngdahl in the Republican primaries last year.

This division was tested on the night before I arrived, in the Ramsey County Convention of the DFL. Ramsey County, which includes St. Paul, is conservative and traditionally dominated by the right wing. But the right wing, backed by Mayor Humphrey, was beaten in an election of real significance.

I spoke to many groups in Minneapolis. A delegation of AVC leaders came to express their concern for the factionalism which threatens to disrupt the coming AVC annual convention. A large group of students protested to me about the poisonous influence of some members of the economics and political-science faculties in the University of Minnesota in spreading real hatred of Russia. Progressive civic leaders came to explain their deep distrust of Harold Stassen's liberalism and their bitter disillusionment in Senator Joe Ball. A group of Protestant ministers expressed in common the keenest concern over present trends. I talked to Dan Matcham about the growing intolerance which was depriving him of his newspaper in North Dakota. Trade-union leaders came to reveal their predominant concern—the growing unemployment, caused by layoffs at industrial plants, such as Minneapolis-Honeywell, which laid off 800 workers the week before I arrived.

THE farm leaders gave me a vivid picture of the state of mind of Minnesota's farmers today.

The first man, a leading farmer said, "We're better off than we've ever been in our lives. We've paid off our mortgages and we have cash reserves. Yet we're worried and frightened. We know that prices of pork and butter and grain are far too high. We're glad they're leveling off. We think there's a crash coming this autumn, starting with wheat and corn prices and spreading through the nation. We hear that wages and industrial prices will stay up for a while and we guess that world agricultural production will recover long before world industrial production. That means we'll have the old problem of surpluses back again.

"We know that the city people are blaming us for high prices," this farmer went on. "We don't think we're to blame. It's the packers and processors and distributors who have run the wheat and meat prices on up. The farmers turned in their grain months ago. The real bulge in grain prices has come since then. It was shortages of transportation that forced us to destroy potatoes to keep them from rotting. Yet the city papers show the farmers destroying the potato crop and the city people blame us for higher prices. The farmers are heartsick about it.

"I was at a cattle sale recently, and an old Norwegian came up to me. 'I'll never put any more faith in that man Anderson,' he said. You see, Secretary Anderson rightly told us that a starving world needed wheat and that we should surrender our wheat to the government. So this old Norwegian and others delivered their wheat. But it wasn't enough, so Anderson offered a bonus of 30 cents a bushel to get the wheat that had been withheld. Then prices rose 14 cents, so the man who acted patriotically lost 44 cents a bushel. In the mind of this old Norwegian, Anderson is to blame.

"I'll tell you another story," my friend went on. "Day before yesterday I talked to a farmer from western Minnesota. I said, 'Are you going to plant flax this year?' 'No,' he answered, 'Secretary Anderson says to plant flax. And I've learned that when he says to do one thing, the best thing for the farmer is to do just the opposite.' Here's why he said that: Last year the '46 flax crop was selling for $3.85 a bushel in western Minnesota. Anderson said the farmers should deliver more flax for the Navy and for the housing program. So the farmers delivered more flax, and six weeks after they turned it over, the ceiling was taken off and flax went to $7 a bushel. This spring Anderson appealed for a larger flax acreage and the farmers had to pay $15 for flaxseed from the big processors.

"I'm not saying who's right," my friend concluded, "I'm just telling you how our farmers feel today."

Another farmer who came to see me told me the same story. I asked him how the farmers felt about the future, and he answered:

"We farmers aren't talking—we don't know, and when we don't know, we don't talk. We're so damn highly confused we aren't taking sides just yet. We want something to happen, but we don't know what ought to happen. We hope someone will do something and that it will work—that's about the size of it.

THE farmers blame Anderson," this farmer argued, "but it was Congress that undercut him when it took the ceilings off farm products. Now Congress is tearing the conservation program apart. The farmers don't know it yet, and when they find out, things'll get very, very hot in Minnesota.

"The 79th Congress," my friend went on, "cut back the AAA but it authorized a major program for insurance and conservation. The whole vast structure was set in motion and worked out. The commitments were all made on wheat and flax. The farmers have signed up, and the lime and phosphate is all bought on the basis of the commitments. Now the 80th Congress says the 79th had no authority to commit them to the program. They're backing out! They're cutting $300 million out of the program. They're killing the AAA!

(*Continued on page* 37)

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New Men Travel the Old Roads

by Darrell Berrigan

The wanderers who roam America's highways today are tougher and much wiser than the beaten, hopeless hoboes of the thirties

NOT too long ago, when I was a little younger, much poorer and there were thousands just like me wandering the face of America, the troubled people of the big cities labeled us "Wild Boys of the Road," and we became a legend.

But in the early thirties, when I was a hungry bum traveling a hungry land, we were no wilder than the boys I picked up along the highways of the United States during an extensive trip last winter. What differences there are between ourselves and the boys today are simply differences of motive, knowledge and experience.

In the old days we didn't have many ideas. We always said we were going somewhere, but it was always a division point we had seen on a railroad map and was only some place new. But the boys I carried across the country last winter knew where they were going. I picked up merchant seamen going East, having found shipping out difficult in the West and waiting too expensive. And when I traveled the other way, I picked up seamen going West because shipping out was difficult in the East. Now that the war is over, they complained, and the risk is gone, a lot of young guys are trying to get into the merchant marine to see the world, and the "old seamen" (some of those I picked up were as old as 25) who had risked their lives throughout the war were finding it tough getting a berth.

I picked up boys who were traveling to state universities, technical colleges, and even one going to a barber school, all certain that, when they arrived, they would be able to get a job to supplement their GI Bill of Rights allowance while attending school. Why didn't they go to school nearer home? Mostly they just didn't find home good for their nerves after a couple of years of war.

Outside Oklahoma City I found a line of them standing beside their frayed suitcases, almost like the old days. I picked five out of the string. Two were Oklahomans who had returned from the war to find their dads having a hard time making the old farm pay, so they were heading West. They had no money, only the clothes on their backs, clothes which the US Army had permitted them to keep when they left the service. There was a Navy veteran, out of the service a year and a little bewildered by the impermanence of the jobs he had found in Florida, Pennsylvania and California—farming, truck driving and washing dishes. Another was a gay, jive-crazy youth who had been shipping out of the East Coast throughout the war and now was en route to California. The fifth was one of those unhappy creatures to whom poverty is a sin to be covered up with dreams.

Box-car nostalgia

THEIR experiences on the Road were not too different from my own in the thirties, although the men themselves were bolder. Listening to them talk as I drove along highways that I remembered as dirt roads in 1932, I heard the same stories I had heard when the country was hungry and the bum was a "Wild Boy" welcome nowhere. They told about the way they were treated by the cops in various parts of the country, how they passed days without food, and

Wood Engravings by Hans Mueller

Darrell Berrigan, chief of the New York Post's Far Eastern Bureau, returned home recently for a trip across America to reacquaint himself with his native land.

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how they had swiped fruit off trucks. I heard these stories from the first five I took and from dozens more I picked up in 15,000 miles of American highways.

There was one surprising difference, however. Almost none of the boys I picked up had ever ridden the freights. You almost never see a bum on a freight train now, even in the relatively warm interior of empty box cars. I watched for such travelers with a strange feeling of nostalgia as I drove the Western highways, remembering a time, not so long ago, when the freights teemed with men traveling to all points of the compass looking out at an unfriendly land.

Did Hoover let 'em ride?

I RODE freights and hitchhiked for several years in those days. There were thousands just like me, oily-faced, dirty, ragged and beaten; a whole dangerous army of useless men with power enough in our arms, had the government chosen to spend no more than the cost of one day's fighting in the recent war, to build a dike that would have prevented Mississippi floods forever.

We were generally docile, disunited and scared of established authority. There wasn't even the protest of lawlessness. We were not politically conscious and, among all the thousands of men with whom I traveled, I never found a political agitator. We simply blamed everything on Hoover and the GOP and vowed if we ever settled down long enough to establish residence, we would vote Democratic.

Only occasionally would we hear stories of violence. Under the bridges of the nation, where our homeless citizens gather around campfires and drink coffee brewed in cans, they used to tell about the Union Pacific bulls who threw everyone off their trains when they got to a certain town in Montana. The bums got hungry and one day they banded together, marched into the town and looted the food stores. There were so many, they used to tell, that the local police were scared to prevent their depredations and appealed to the federal government. Hoover, the tellers sneered with satisfaction, was forced to order the railroads to let the bums ride.

"Let 'em ride!" the narrator would say. "By Gawd, if they didn't they'd have a revolution!"

That was a story told around campfires by men who rarely saw a newspaper to confirm it. If it was true, it was a rare case. I remember, however, late one summer, when I was one of several hundred men swarming over a slow freight moving slowly south through the green, lush valleys of central Oregon. We were hungry and thirsty and hot. We were afraid to leave the train long enough to bum food in the small towns where we stopped briefly, lest we miss the train and be stranded. Toward afternoon we pulled into a siding in a tiny village surrounded by orchards whose trees were heavy with early apples. Without a word the whole army of husky young bums climbed down, sauntered into town and stole every piece of food they could lay their hands on. I didn't see a single policeman. We took what we wanted, breaking nothing and ignoring the outraged villagers. Then we climbed back on our cars to eat our loot and wait for the train to move on. I never saw this happen again.

"Run, ya yella bellies!"

WE ALMOST tested our strength down in Texas once, but the attempt was shameful and worse than our customary unprotesting docility. Several hundred of us were lured onto a four-car train at Big Springs, a considerable city in the center of the state. When the train had gone a little distance, five railway bulls armed with clubs climbed out of the engine onto the first car. We realized then that they were going to put us off somewhere out in the country so the people of Big Springs would be safe. We had been told we could ride. This was too much. The men decided, by Gawd, they weren't going to be thrown off.

"If we just stick together," one of us said, "we can throw them damn bulls off themselves and dare 'em to git back on."

We agreed that when the train stopped we would stand our ground and defy the bulls. We talked about it, planning our campaign, until the train pulled into a siding a good hour out of Big Springs. We stood up and tensely waited as three bulls climbed down the ladders at the other end of the train and started fanning out to come in behind us. The two bulls left at the rear stood watching us, their grins set, their clubs swinging slowly at their sides. We waited until the three men reached the ladder on the last car. Then we broke.

"Here they come!" a scared bum yelled. And the whole crowd of us fell over each other getting off the cars. We landed running and fled across the fields as the bulls stood on the cars and laughed and jeered and yelled, "Run, ya yella bellies! Ya goddam yella bums!"

Lady in the dark

NO, in the thirties we were not wild. We were polite and, generally, honest characters who came from all kinds of homes and were filled with a sense of shame and inferiority because of our poverty. We chose, most of us, to cling to our sense of decency.

One cold night in February an untidy young lady in levis that fitted tight around her sexy buttocks climbed aboard a box car I was riding through Arizona. It was dark in the car and there were about 15 of us lying on its floor trying to keep warm. A few of the boys got up to make room for the girl and her escort, a pimply-faced young man with a self-conscious simper. The train started and the rest of us sat or lay down and were silent. We could hear the girl above the rattle and crash of the swaying car. She giggled and murmured suggestively and the boy made strange, throaty responses. We could see nothing in the blackness of the car, but we all knew what was going on and moved farther away to give them privacy.

An argument broke out at my end of the car, an argument over some safe subject like what line runs through Pawtucket and where best to catch a freight out of there. But such things are important on the road and the disputants talked louder and louder as they became more and more convinced of the rightness of their particular stand. Finally, to emphasize his point, one man shouted a word which in those days was confined to flophouses but has more currency in these broad-minded times.

"Shush!" one of the guys yelled. "There's a lady in the car."

"Aw, ——!" the cusser answered,

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"she's just a damn whore or she wouldn't be here. You guys don't think she's married to that fellow, do you?"

"Shut up," someone screamed above the train noise. "Shut your face!"

"Aw, ——!" the cusser said again, his tone one of defiance and disgust.

It was blind dark in the car, as I say, and I couldn't see clearly, just general outlines. I hope they threw the right guy out the car door. His voice sounded different when he screamed.

A different breed of cat

THE kids I picked up this winter would get themselves killed fighting back against the bulls—or kill them in turn. The boys tramping the roads today in their still good uniforms are in some ways much better trained for the road than we were. They aren't so squeamish. They know how to form their ranks, accept leadership and do some damage to the enemy. We knew nothing of that. We had no confidence in each other. These new wanderers know how to steal and make it look legal. We knew nothing of that, either. We hadn't learned what every bright youngster learns in the Army or Navy or Marines, the beautiful art of stealing under the name of "scrounging."

We were just a little hungrier, a lot more hopeless and much more numerous. Back in the thirties, we were bumming because there were no jobs where we were and only an impossible hope that there might be jobs where we were going—and we were going anywhere. The boys I picked up on the highways of the country were traveling for many reasons, mostly because they were out of the Army and had ideas that didn't include farms or small towns, or were restless, or were ashamed to stay home where people have gotten into the habit of expecting young men to have jobs.

The young men of the road today are a different breed of cat. It is not a breakdown of morals that makes them more dangerous. They are just better trained and much more conscious of themselves as citizens who have a right to jobs. They don't blame themselves for not having jobs, as we did. They blame the government and the system.

Hans Mueller

You don't follow an army across continents, and a navy across all the seas of the world without growing up some. The boys today know their own strength, and because they know it, they move with more confidence. They know the material things they want out of life and they intend to get them. My companions in the thirties wanted the same things, but they never really expected to get them. Still they were called wild.

If ever another depression hits, the new brotherhood of the road, with its sense of strength, its feeling of equality, its knowledge of leadership, will be called otherwise. The boys will be called bandits and threats to society, for so society feels about the evils it creates.

In Houston I discussed the bums of today and yesterday with a farm-implement salesman who had been picking up hitchhikers for thirty years.

"They're so damned impolite now," he complained. "They used to keep their mouths shut until they were spoken to and they'd even ask if you minded before they'd light a cigarette. Now, hell, they take over. They lean back, tell you the story of their life, ask you to stop and they'll buy you a coke—they *do* buy the coke, I gotta say that for them—and smoke whenever they damn well please."

"Well," I said, "that's about what anybody, any of your friends, would do if you asked them to ride with you. The hitchhiker these days thinks he's as good as you are any day."

"Yeah, I guess that's it," he said. "They do seem a little better educated, too, and more sure of themselves. I dunno. It's better sometimes because they got more to talk about and ain't scared to argue a little bit. But, dammit, I wish they'd act more polite."

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Boom Under Wraps

by Robin Kinkead

The West Coast's industrial upswing depends on steel and freight rates — both largely controlled by Eastern corporate giants

IT LOOKS like boomtime on the West Coast—but it is also a day of battle. There is a proud gleam in Westerners' eyes as they watch a new industrial empire taking shape in their midst; but there are angry outbursts when the more militant of them discover who is trying to control that empire. The boosters of the region are torn between a desire to attract big industry and a fear that when it comes, it will shut them out. When they stand up and fight, it is not so much over specific spoils as over the issue of whether the Far West as a whole is to go on being a spoil—a ripe, sun-drenched plum ready for plucking by Eastern business giants.

On the surface, the West Coast scene seems lush. The war poured billions of dollars into the development of Far Western industry. California increased its population by two million during the war years, and its factory employment has almost doubled since before the war (average earnings are now $53 a week).

Looking at the Far Western group of states as a whole (that is, the coastal tier plus Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona), a recent *Business Week* survey found that they are expanding industrially at three times the rate of the rest of the nation. Their population has grown by almost a third since 1939, their factory jobs are up 68 percent, their total income is up 179 percent, and people are still streaming in.

But while people stream in, money goes on streaming out—which causes the anger and the uncertainty. "What's the meaning of this struggle with the East I hear about?" a British visitor asked of Robert W. Kenny, lawyer and former attorney general of California. "You're all the same country, aren't you?"

"Well," Kenny replied, "suppose I put it this way: the West is tired of being a crown colony. It wants dominion status."

The fight, now coming to a head, is being fought on these interrelated fronts:

1. Eastern steel's big push into the Far West.
2. Western industry's battle for lower steel prices.
3. The Westerners' demand for equalized freight rates.
4. Western demands for freedom from domination by Eastern corporate giants.

Steel is the key to the story. The Far West needs steel if new major industries are to take root. It needs steel at a price that won't handicap Western manufacturers by being consistently higher than it is back East. The Far West has steel now—but not yet enough in sheet and strip. And the pinch is that it has to pay a peak price for what it gets.

War brought big-time steel-making to the West. Franklin D. Roosevelt helped bring it there. Early in the war there was discussion about building a steel mill for the West. Some people preferred to keep steel production in the East. President Roosevelt asked what would happen to West Coast shipyards if the Panama Canal were bombed, thus cutting off Eastern steel's water route to the West.

A steel mill at Geneva, Utah, was the answer. It was a logical spot: high-grade ore and coal were close at hand. The huge plant was built and operated for the Defense Plant Corporation by the United States Steel Corporation, but was paid for and owned by the government.

After the war, Western political leaders like Senator Pat McCarran (D, Nev.) and Governor Earl Warren of California worked toward keeping steel in the West. Geneva was put on the auction block—but the upshot was that US Steel bid for it and got it at a price that amounted to less than 25 cents on each dollar which the government had invested in it. (As Robert S. Allen reported in "Arsenal of Monopoly" in the *New Republic* for April 21, 1947, this sale was made over the protest of the Anti-Trust Division.)

The tentacles spread West

WITH this basic plant in its hands, US Steel is expanding along the Coast. Its subsidiary, Columbia Steel, is building a $25 million cold-roll reduction mill at Pittsburg, California. The Geneva plant is spending $19 million more on development. The parent company has bought control of the Boyle Manufacturing Company, formerly an independent Western fabricator of steel barrels and tanks. It also hopes to buy up one of its largest Western steel-plate customers, Consolidated Steel of California, which in turn holds a big bite of the pipe contract for the 900-mile Arabian-American oil pipeline. If this deal goes through, Big Steel will thereby also acquire the Western Pipe and Steel Company, a Consolidated subsidiary. And if it doesn't—in view of the suit brought by the Department of Justice to prevent the purchase of Consolidated's assets on the grounds that it

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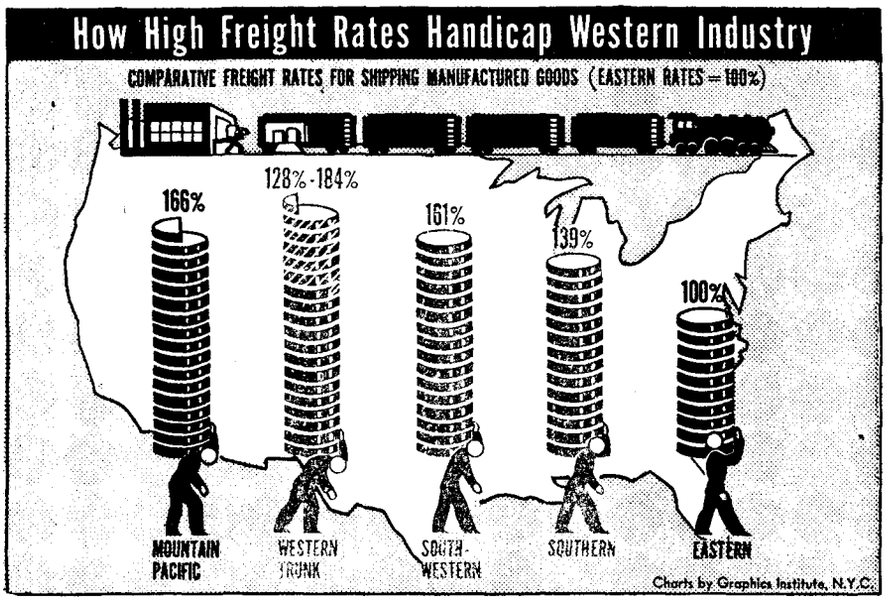
would violate the Sherman Anti-Trust Act—Big Steel now says that it will go ahead and build its own pipe-making facilities on the Coast. The capital which it has authorized for expenditure in Utah and the West Coast alone amounts to $91 million.

Bethlehem Steel, meanwhile, has authorized $10 million for the expansion of its growing plants in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and for the acquisition of "captive" fabricating companies. It has a controlling interest in the Rheem Manufacturing Company, another former Western independent making steel barrels, etc.

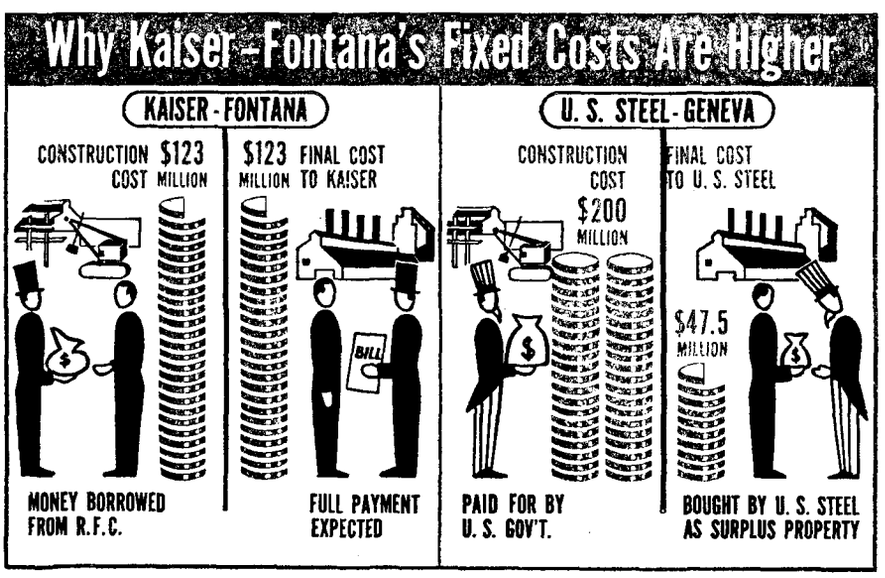


Henry, the giant-killer

ALL this might sound promising for the West, but you see how tightly it keeps control of basic steel in the hands of Eastern giants. Now, what happens when a newcomer decides to jump the traces and make steel on his own? The classic case is that of the rotund, bald-domed, heavy-jowled, jovial and adventurous Henry Kaiser. Primarily in order to get plate steel for his wartime shipbuilding plants, he proposed to the Defense Plant Corporation that he build a government-owned mill, as US Steel had been authorized to do in the case of Geneva. But his proposal was turned down. It was explained that he had no steel experience. It was said that he could not get the equipment for a steel mill in wartime. It was said that if he got the equipment, he would not know how to build the mill. It was said that if he got the mill built, he could not get steel men to run it.

Kaiser went ahead on his own and got his Fontana mill built in a desert 45 miles inland from Los Angeles, borrowing a total of $123 million at four-percent interest from the RFC for the purpose. Construction at Fontana was begun six months later than at the Geneva plant, but Kaiser's first steel plate rolled out eight months sooner than Geneva's.

However, even all the ships that Kaiser built with Fontana steel didn't get him out of difficulty. What handicaps him most is the fact that while he has to pay off his high wartime debt to the RFC at 100 cents on the dollar, his rival at Geneva went into Big Steel's hands at less than 25 cents on the dollar. The result is that Fontana steel delivered in San Francisco now costs considerably more than does steel shipped to that city all the way from mills in the East.


Why Kaiser-Fontana's Fixed Costs Are Higher
KAISER-FONTANA
CONSTRUCTION COST $123 MILLION
$123 MILLION FINAL COST TO KAISER
BILL
MONEY BORROWED FROM R.F.C.
FULL PAYMENT EXPECTED
U. S. STEEL-GENEVA
CONSTRUCTION COST $200 MILLION
FINAL COST TO U. S. STEEL
$47.5 MILLION
PAID FOR BY U. S. GOV'T.
BOUGHT BY U. S. STEEL AS SURPLUS PROPERTY

Inequitable financing

THIS brings us to the heart of the Kaiser v. Big Steel (and Geneva) conflict. As the figure of reference, remember that users in the East pay a base price of $53 a ton for steel plate. (When transcontinental freight charges are added, this Eastern steel costs $68.80 delivered in San Francisco.)

Next, users of Geneva steel pay a base price of $56 a ton. (When freight charges are added, Geneva steel costs $65.89 delivered in San Francisco.) Now along comes Kaiser, who insists that he not only could match Geneva's $56 but even the Eastern mills' $53 ("and we'll show you our books"), if only he weren't burdened by high wartime financing. But because of this financing, his Fontana steel price is $69.20 at San Francisco—even though his plant is almost on the Coast.

What Kaiser argues is that in all fairness his plant should obtain a capital structure similar to Geneva's. He has taken his case to the Western States Council (composed of chambers of commerce and industrial groups), and this body has been preparing recommendations for Kaiser refinancing. And the conservative Los Angeles *Times* re-

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cently quoted on its front page a spokesman of the Council's steel committee as saying, "We want both Geneva and Fontana to operate, and we have felt all along that whatever was done for Geneva after the war should become a yardstick for Fontana."

Until and unless the grip exercised by Eastern steel prices on the Western economy is broken, inequalities such as the following will remain typical: while galvanized sheets cost users in the East $71 a ton, the same steel—much used by Western fabricators for stoves, furnaces and water heaters—costs them $86.50 a ton.

An issue with thorns

BUT in the course of their clamor for lower steel prices, Westerners come up against the even thornier issue of freight rates. The differentials which favor shippers in the East over those in other areas have long been the subject of resentment in the South and West. As Wendell Berge pointed out in his *Economic Freedom for the West,* goods subject to class rates (*i.e.,* chiefly manufactured goods) must pay rates that are from 46 percent to 71 percent higher in the West than in the East. And the rate issue was sharpened on January 1, when all steel freight rates were boosted 17 percent. The action of the Supreme Court on May 12 in backing the ICC rulings lowering Southern freight rates does not directly benefit the Pacific Coast states; it does, however, set a precedent that may aid in the fight to equalize Western freight rates.

Meanwhile a US Government antitrust suit against 47 Western railroads, the New York financial houses of J. P. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb, and 89 individuals is now under way in Lincoln, Nebraska. Government spokesmen call the defendants "the most far-reaching concentration of monopoly power thus far known to law," and they charge them with (1) restraint of trade and commerce in transportation and (2) monopolization of rail transportation. Wendell Berge, until recently in charge of the government's case, has declared that agreements among railroads, corporations and financial houses have given control over Western railroad rates and practices to a committee of directors in New York, rather than to the Western railroads themselves.

West Coast businessmen and legislators, eager to aid the flow of their own manufactured products to the East, have been aroused to concerted agitation. Their drive for equalized rates is being led by M. B. Pendleton, president of the Plomb Tool Company of Los Angeles, which uses steel and likes to ship to the East. Members of the California Manufacturers' Association are sending out telegrams that begin, "Manufacturers here outraged. . . ."

One thing that arouses them is a West Coast freight-car shortage allegedly caused by discrimination in favor of the East. A congressional bloc of Western Representatives recently formed a committee headed by Cecil R. King (D) of Los Angeles to look into this and other charges. The committee was told that freight-car shortages were closing down grain mills in the Northwest, making farmers desperate for fear that crops would rot on the ground. In the midst of their widely advertised boom, Westerners told the committee that "the entire West is being forced into a recession at the very time it should be facing its greatest expansion." Milt Phinney, a Washington reporter for the Los Angeles *Daily News,* recently summed up the significance of the committee by writing, "It approaches a declaration of independence which may result in a Western congressional bloc which will once and for all let Eastern capital know that the West is no longer a colonial empire which will stand for exploitation."

Hedging against themselves

BUT the problem that confronts those who are fighting for independent Western enterprise is the lure as well as the power of the East. When Big Steel has such a grip on the West, and especially in a time of Western steel shortage, it is not always good business to buck the giant in the open. When the government suit was brought to enjoin the sale of Consolidated to US Steel, the price of Consolidated stock went down; but the boys in Los Angeles murmur in your ear that the stock is a pretty good buy, since it is sure to shoot up in case the sale is permitted. "Better lay in a few shares," they tell you, even while they go on fulminating against the attempts of the East to make the West into an economic satrapy.

West Coast chambers of commerce, meanwhile, have been trying both to boost their local products and to attract big Eastern companies into their midst. They feel that it is pay rolls that count and are not particularly interested in the question of whether Western industry is Eastern-controlled or home-grown. Recently they persuaded Ford to buy $50 million worth of parts from California manufacturers for his West Coast assembly plants. General Motors is toying with the idea of buying $60 million worth a year from them, for its own expanding coastal plants.

So the process goes on of the East moving in, either by setting up branch plants or by buying up Western ones. General Electric, for instance, is building a $1 million plant for household electrical products at San Jose, California. Campbell Soup is building a $4 million plant at Sacramento; American Radiator a $3.5 million plant at Richmond; Heinz a $1 million cannery at Tracy. McCormick of Baltimore has bought out Schilling spices of San Francisco, while the Big Four Eastern distilleries some years ago bought control of a large part of the California wine industry.

Home-grown product

CONFRONTED by such Eastern industrial betters, the Far West has failed so far to breed captains of industry of the dimensions of Ford, Fairless, Grace or Girdler. Henry Kaiser is the nearest approach—a spectacular example of a home-grown Western industrialist. Within a few years he has built up his interests from a modest sand-and-gravel business into an industrial barony big enough to do battle with the East. From his headquarters in Oakland, California, he controls or operates 25 ventures—a big steel mill, the Permanente magnesium plant, an aluminum plant at Spokane, Washington, a house factory in Los Angeles, the biggest cement mill in the world near San Francisco, the Kaiser-Frazer plant at Willow Run, a large business in health insurance and a dishwashing-machine factory. He

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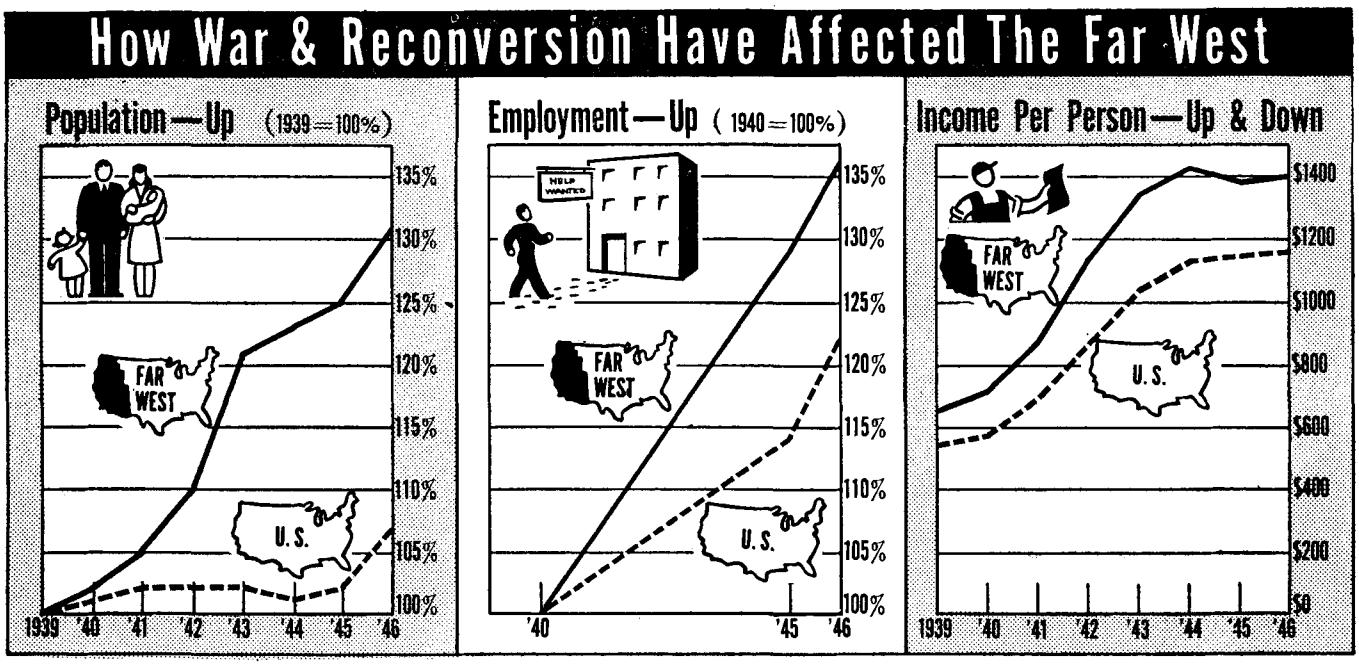

THE FAR WEST USED TO MEAN AGRICULTURE. TODAY IT IS AN INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE

puts out deep-freeze cabinets, airplanes, aluminum garage doors, industrial brick, prefabricated theatres, and air-conditioners for Kaiser-Frazer cars. The sand-and-gravel business is still a major one.

In the Westchester suburb of Los Angeles, where rows of Kaiser-built houses form Kaiser community homes, it may soon be possible to develop a typical Kaiser man. He would be a go-getter who'd jump out of one of the three bedrooms of his Kaiser home, get his breakfast himself—since it's simple in the Kaiser modern kitchen—put the dishes in a Kaiser dishwasher, then jump into a Kaiser car and perhaps roll over some Kaiser concrete on the way to work in a Kaiser plant.

Profits from walnuts

If he worked at Kaiser's Fontana mill, the Kaiser man wouldn't be going to one of those drab, grim piles of buildings you find in the Pittsburg region, surrounded by frame shacks with flaking paint. You first see the shimmering Fontana plant over the deep green of orange trees. It is surrounded by a green, landscaped system of trees, flowers and lawns. Kaiser makes even this pay off in cash: the surrounding groves of oranges, walnuts and what-not showed a $10,000 net profit last year.

Making profits out of walnuts, though, is easier than making them out of Fontana's costly and debt-burdened steel. One of the Kaiser sons, lean, 29-year-old Henry Jr., is up every morning at 5:30 to start on his long-distance-telephone roundup of the scattered empire's operations and his efforts to win concerted Western business backing for the refinancing of Fontana.

Banks for little people

Money is lying around in California for the development of Western enterprises. The Far West has its own financial giant in the shape of the Bank of America—the biggest bank in the world. With its main offices in San Francisco and its branches up and down the state, it is a decisive factor in the development of independent Western industry—but it also remains something of an unknown.

It was started 43 years ago in San Francisco by a young fruit and vegetable broker who had retired in his early thirties on a small income. A. P. Giannini (pronounced "Jah-ninny") got $150,000 together and opened up with the intention of doing business with little people. He did it so well, or there were so many little people who grew bigger, that the bank's assets today are more than $5.5 billion.

Banking institutions are cautious, and the Bank of America is not ready to make a statement on independent Western industry. Giannini's people say they are in favor of industrial development in general. But A. P. himself did say this much: "Our Far West hasn't started yet. We will have a population of 50 million people out here in our West Coast states with room and opportunity for all."

Boom with busts

What kind of opportunity? Westerners talk the language of a boom, but they seem divided on the issue of who is to control that boom. Many are so keen on making a quick killing that they are willing to let big Eastern corporations move in, buy them up and run things themselves, handing out pickings. Others are fighting for long-range self-interest and for a principle—that of regional self-determination. Between the two lies an area of uncertainty. The West Coast is enjoying its boom, but there is so much uncertainty at the bottom of it that business failures in the three Pacific states, according to Dun and Bradstreet's figures, reached a total of $13 million worth of liabilities in the first four months of this year. That is more than six times the toll of failures suffered on the West Coast in the same period last year.

It's still a boom—but more and more people are being busted.

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The Strange Case of Wilhelm Reich

by Mildred Edie Brady

The man who blames both neuroses and cancer on unsatisfactory sexual activities has been repudiated by only one scientific journal

THE psychoanalysts who are assembled in New York this week for the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association have reason to congratulate themselves on the flourishing state of their profession. But they are faced with some problems, too, and the most pressing of these is the responsibility of their profession to discipline itself if it is not to be disciplined by the state.

The fact that there are still no legal controls over the practice of psychoanalysis is one that is rarely mentioned in the huge literature dealing with this fascinating field of medicine. Meanwhile, a flood of uncritical popularizations of psychoanalytic concepts has been sweeping over the public via books, magazines, movies and radio. And the readiness of laymen to accept almost any doctrine claiming to be based on psychoanalysis is illustrated by the story of Wilhelm Reich, around whose theories there has already begun to collect a cult of no little influence.

Born in Austria and now a resident of Forest Hills, Long Island, Reich is the framer of the theory of "orgastic potency." He claims as his greatest scientific achievement the discovery of "orgone."

Orgone, named after the sexual orgasm, is, according to Reich, a cosmic energy. It is, in fact, *the* cosmic energy. Reich has not only discovered it; he has seen it, demonstrated it and named a town—Orgonon, Maine—after it. Here he builds accumulators of it which are rented out to patients, who presumably derive "orgastic potency" from it.

Most psychoanalysts look askance at Reich's teachings, yet many of his writings have been discussed in such high places as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, where his standing in the field of psychoanalytical theory is granted, though his orgone is not. You will also find him listed in *American Men of Science*, and you will find his orgone there, too. Only one scientific journal, *Psychosomatic Medicine*, has so far come out strongly against Reich; it characterized his writings about orgone as "a surrealistic creation."

In the lay press, meanwhile, Reich has received almost entirely uncritical attention. The magazine *Politics* has carried enthusiastic accounts of his social and sexual theories. The *Nation* reviewed his latest book with praise. Even that stern journal of dialectical materialism, *Science and Society*, has recommended him in its pages. Popularized psychoanalytical books like *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* have quoted generously from him. Avant-garde publications like *Pacifica Views* (San Francisco), *Now* (London) and *Hermes* (Sydney, Australia) have taken up his theories in earnest. The growing group of anarchistically inclined literati on both sides of the Atlantic read him with fervor. Reich's books have been assigned in university seminars for serious consideration and his orgone cult has spread so far that at a camp in New York State last summer it took the doctor's strict orders to keep the camp director from furnishing orgone accumulators for the boys.

Today Reich runs a considerable establishment in his two-story brick house in Forest Hills, and he has more patients than he can take care of. As you climb the stairs to his second-floor office, you find pictures of stellar nebulae along the walls. You find Reich to be a heavy-set, ruddy, brown-haired man of 50, wearing a long white coat and sitting at a huge desk. Between periods of training students in his theories and putting patients into orgone accumulators, he will tell you how unutterably rotten is the underlying character of the average individual walking the streets, and how, in the room across the hall where he works on his patients, he peels back their presentable surfaces to expose the corrupted "second layer" of human personality. For the masses of the people, says Reich, "are endemically neurotic and sexually sick."

Austrian sex-politics

REICH has come a long way since his early days in Vienna. In the early nineteen twenties, when he himself was also in his twenties, he was a member of a group of psychoanalysts who met monthly with Freud, and he was for six years the director of the Vienna Seminar for Psychoanalytic Therapy. In those years he was known as a courageous pioneer in therapeutic techniques.

Two things about psychoanalysis and psychoanalysts bothered him. In the first place, it seemed to him that psychoanalysts were not facing up to their social responsibilities—responsibilities all too clearly implied in their theories, particularly those dealing with the sexual etiology of neuroses and infantile sexuality. And second, he did not feel that they were really shouldering their scientific responsibilities. Freud had said that psychoanalysis would one day have to be rooted in biology, yet here were the analysts spinning a gigan-

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tic web of explanations and giving very little time to an objectively demonstrable basis for their assumptions.

So Wilhelm Reich dedicated his energies to filling these two gaps—the social and the scientific. As step number one in the first, he joined the Socialist Party of Austria and began to organize "sex-political" units within that organization. The program for these units, which he described as "sex-economics," was based on his own chief contribution to psychoanalytical theory up to that time.

A lure to procreation-plus

THAT contribution is known in the literature as the orgasm theory. Briefly, the orgasm theory is this:

Until Reich, says Reich, it had been naïvely assumed by nearly everybody that the sexual orgasm was nothing more than a tricky bit of sugar coating devised by Mother Nature to make sure that the race survived. Even the analysts, for all their probing into sexual behavior, had strangely overlooked this most significant sexual experience. But Reich centered his attention precisely here and came out with what he terms an answer to a big and bothersome theoretical question: to wit, where did the emotional energy come from which was abortively expressed in neurotic behavior? It had already been assumed that it was sexual energy. But how did it happen to seek non-sexual channels for expression? The orgasm gave the clue. The function of the orgasm, said Reich, was far more important than a lure to procreation. That was simply a sideline use. The real function was to release sexual tension built up by sexual energy. And since, according to accepted psychoanalytical theory, sexual energy was basic energy, the orgasm hence became the body's emotional-energy regulator. Sex economics is the economy of instinctual urges.

When some analysts pointed out that they had dealt with neurotics who *did* experience the orgasm but stayed neurotic all the same, Reich's comeback was: What kind? For he also stipulated that unless the orgasm was adequate to the tension, obviously some energy was not released, and this unspent energy provided the emotional fuel for anxiety, which he defined as the reverse side of the coin—sexuality. The capacity to experience a release in the orgasm equal to the sexual tension, Reich called orgastic potency.

According to Reich, though, only a very few individuals were blessed with orgastic potency. Society's general anti-sexual attitude, compulsive morality, legally enforced monogamy and family pressures on behalf of pre-marital chastity had so inhibited man's natural sexuality that most of the world was now peopled, said Reich, with orgastic cripples.

The burden of reshaping society toward sexuality and the promotion of orgastic potency he placed, at that time, on the Socialist Party of Austria.

But the party was unequal to the task. Reich's sex-political units were, needless to say, quite popular. So popular, in fact, that the party fathers began to feel that sex economics was sabotaging Marxian economics and draining off enthusiasm from such problems as the relationship between capital investment and the rate of wages.

So the upshot of this first attempt of Reich's to make psychoanalysis socially responsible was that in 1930 the Socialist Party relieved him and his sex-political units of their party membership.

As Wilhelm Reich Sees It

¶ "The individual with a moral structure is, without exception, genitally weak."—*The Function of the Orgasm,* p. 156.

¶ ". . . Orgone energy is nothing but 'atomic' energy in its natural and original state."—*International Journal of Sex Economics and Orgone Research,* Vol. 4, Nos. 2 and 3, p. 132.

¶ "The flickering in the sky which many physicists ascribe to terrestrial magnetism, and the flickering of the stars, are the immediate expression of the motion of the atmospheric orgone. . . . The color of the orgone is blue or bluish gray."—*The Function of the Orgasm,* p. 341.

¶ "The orgone energy . . . kills cancer cells and many kinds of bacteria. . . ."—*Ibid,* p. 342.

But he was no easy man to daunt. He went to Berlin to join the German Communist Party and began again to organize sex-political units. Even for the disciplined ranks of the Communists, however, the lure of his teachings proved too strong. And so, according to Reich's own account, on orders from Moscow his theories were condemned as "un-Marxist rubbish" and "bourgeois ideology" and he was kicked out of the party.

Corrupting Danish youth

MEANWHILE, he had been running into trouble on the scientific end as well. Freud himself saw fit to take issue with him, and in 1934 Reich was expelled from the International Psychoanalytical Association.

Hitler having come to power in the meantime, Reich found himself not only out of his scientific fraternity but also out of Germany. Fleeing to Denmark, he set up as a teacher and one of his followers ran for the Danish Riksdag on a sex-political platform that again made Reich the center of attack. The Socialist and Communist Parties in particular accused him of corrupting Danish youth with decadent German sexology. Soon he was denied a renewal of his Danish visa. So he moved on to Sweden —only to run into visa trouble there, too.

The next step took him to Oslo, where for three comparatively quiet years he taught and experimented. With electrodes, amplifiers, oscillographs and all manner of impressive paraphernalia he measured electrical responses on erogenous skin surfaces under sexual excitement. In 1937 he published a paper on some of his findings. He hadn't quite got hold of orgone yet, but he was close: he had discovered something he called *bions. Bions,* he said, were a form of primitive life that had developed spontaneously out of non-living matter.

With that paper on *bions* the fireworks were set off again. Physical scientists termed both *bions* and the experiments which he claimed had led to their discovery as utter scientific nonsense. Then the leading liberal paper, *Tidens Tegn,* launched a campaign against him which was joined by scientists and other newspapers, and this led to a royal decree to the effect that anybody prac-

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tising psychoanalysis in Norway would have to have a special license from the government.

So, in May, 1939, Wilhelm Reich dismantled his whole biophysical laboratory, said farewell to his European coworkers in sex economics and headed across the Atlantic.

"Stalin is anti-sex"

WHEN he arrived in the USA, he was quite a puzzle to the FBI. As late as December, 1941, he was taken out to Ellis Island for three weeks of further investigation. But Reich had long since given up communism. More than that, he had damned Russia in a book, *The Sexual Revolution.* Stalin, according to it, is anti-sex. Russia today is "sex-reactionary," and to Reich this means fascist. The evidence: Russia's strict divorce laws, her laws against abortion, her abandonment of co-education in secondary schools and her official encouragement of large families.

Except for the FBI's confusion, Reich's reception here was cordial. He taught at the New School for Social Research for two years and he managed to amass enough funds to launch his publishing activities. Soon he was able to announce his discovery of orgone.

In both his *International Journal of Sex-Economy and Orgone Research* and his book, *The Function of the Orgasm,* the romance of orgone is spelled out in polysyllabic detail. Aside from being *the* cosmic energy, it is described as being blue in color and a treatment for cancer. It has many other remarkable qualities, too. In the first place, says Reich, it is everywhere. It is measurable (the unit is an Org). It can be seen with the naked eye. It emanates from the sun. It accounts for the blue of the sky. It kills rot germs. It is in all plant and animal organisms. Both St. Elmo's Fire and the bluish formations astronomers have observed during a period of increased sunspot activity are simply manifestations of orgone energy. All red corpuscles are charged with it. So is plant chlorophyll. All gonadal cells, protozoa and cancer cells consist of these "bluish energy vesicles." The bluish coloration of frogs in sexual excitement, which many biologists, says Reich, have observed, is nothing other than "orgonotic excitation."

But its most astounding property is that it can be collected and concentrated if you know how, and Reich says he does. He has fashioned orgone accumulators which he rents out to his patients.

The orgone accumulator is a six-sided box big enough for a man to get into and made out of metal on the inside and of wood, or some other organic material, on the outside. The organic material presumably absorbs orgone from the air. The orgone then seeps through the metal, thus stepping up the orgone concentration inside the box. Why it doesn't seep right out again is a mystery that has bothered Reich considerably, and he has not yet solved it.

With orgone Reich has combined in a magical package a group of ideas that resemble both mesmerism and phrenology and has welded the whole together with a persuasive amalgam of psychoanalytical concepts. According to Reich, every living thing is surrounded by a field of orgone which keeps it charged with living energy. The sexual orgasm in the human body, or the cell division in the protozoa, is the agency for the release of this orgonotic charge which, after discharge, builds up again and thus establishes what Reich describes as the basic, pulsating life rhythm of "charge-tension-discharge-release." But when there is inadequate release in the orgasm, the core of the body is kept in tension.

The "orgastic impotent"

PSYCHICALLY, says Reich, the "orgastic impotent" is one who is in a state of tension like that of "a bladder about to burst." Pressured by this inner misery, he develops a "character armor" to hold in this tension—thereby succeeding only in making matters worse for himself. In this state of outer rigidity (expressed in muscular tensions) and inner anxiety he becomes "sadistic," "masochistic," "anti-Semitic," "fascistic," "reactionary," "hateful," "submissive," "authoritarian," "greedy," "power-motivated" and "perverse." His best hope of achieving mental health and decent social behavior is for him to relax the "character armor" and give himself a chance at a good orgasm.

Here's where the orgone accumulator comes in. It is a kind of crutch to tide over the depleted tissue until the therapist has time to work on the "character armor" to release the outer rigidities. This phase of Reich's therapy is reminiscent of phrenology. But Reich does more than read the "muscular armoring" by touch. He works on it manually, and chases tension spasms up and down his patient's body—from face to neck, from neck to thorax, from abdomen to thigh, until finally the tension gives way and waves of repressed anxiety are released and break out all over the subject in startling fashion. This technique, which he calls "vegetotherapy," is described in detail in his journal, with harrowing reports of intimate physical responses on the part of patients.

Frigidity, perversion, constipation

WITH the discovery of orgone, the orgasm theory became, for Reich and his followers, a demonstrable corroboration of the work of Freud. But now the Reichites go far beyond Freud and declare that orgastic impotence is the primary cause of cancer, all neuroses, all psychoses, impotence, frigidity, perversions, cardiovascular hypertension, hyperthyroidism, constipation, hemorrhoids, epilepsy, peptic ulcer, obesity, narcotic addiction, alcoholism and the common cold.

It would certainly not be fair to lay the whole blame for the growing Reich cult at the door of psychoanalysis itself. But some of it must be placed just there. The reputable analysts who have quoted him as an authority will tell you that they do not hold with orgone, and that Reich is now discredited among them. But as late as 1945, Otto Fenichel, in the course of his *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis,* granted Reich considerable standing, and not a few analysts declare that this book of Fenichel's is "the current bible of the American Psychoanalytical Association."

To be sure, Reich himself does not belong to the association. But no member of the association has taken pains to make public the current professional evaluation of Reich's work. Undoubtedly, like members of any other profession, psychoanalysts on principle wish to avoid attacking one of their number even though they disapprove

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of him. But behind the analysts' reticence there may well lie something more significant than professional courtesy. Any open discussion of Reich inevitably leads to a discussion of the chaotic professional and legal status of this whole fast-growing branch of medicine.

It is a singular fact that in most states druggists, plumbers and even hair dressers have to have a license to practise their skills, while anybody can call himself a psychoanalyst, hang out a shingle and take patients. Of course, a psychoanalyst who is not an M.D. is —like anybody else—prohibited from practising medicine. But so long as he sticks to the patient's unconscious conflicts and only listens or talks, the amateur analyst is within the law.

The case of Wilhelm Reich, however, points up a matter that is an even greater problem to psychoanalysis than the legal laxness which allows chiropractors, swamis, spiritualists, etc., to give so-called analytic aid. Before the qualifications for a license for psychoanalysts can be drawn up, a definition of the practice is necessary. But whose definition is correct: The Freudian's, the Jungian's, the Adlerian's, or that of any one of the dozens of deviants from these various stems?

An unreliable reed

THE simplest solution would be to take the current standards of the American Psychoanalytic Association and write them into the law. They are high. They require medical training, hospital experience, analytic training, etc. But these standards were only adopted within the association in 1938; if they became legal requirements, a considerable number of analysts who joined the association before 1938 would be forced out of their profession.

The only answer which established, well trained analysts have been able to give to this question of public protection is the old one of publicity. Educate the public to recognize the unsound practitioner, they say. But such education would appear to call for more hearty coöperation from those recommending it than has been given in the past. And the case of Wilhelm Reich shows how unreliable a reed publicity can be when it, alone, must carry the burden of public protection.

Sister Carrie's Brother

by Malcolm Cowley

Theodore Dreiser, a founding father of American Naturalism, was ill mannered, rash, vulgar—and massively honest

AMERICAN Naturalism, now half a century old, is a flourishing literary movement that had two founding fathers. One was Frank Norris of California, whose career I described here a few weeks ago. The other and odder and solider man was Theodore Dreiser of Indiana.

When the two writers met in the summer of 1900, Dreiser was trying to find a publisher for his first novel, *Sister Carrie*. He was a big, shambling youngster of 29 with an advancing nose, a retreating chin and a nature full of discordancies. He was dreamy but practical, rash but timid, persistent in his aims but given to fits of elation or dejection. His manners must have been frightful, in spite of the hours he had spent in his boyhood poring over *Hill's Manual of Etiquette*. He was full of understanding and sympathy for the weakness of others, including drunkards, wastrels and criminals, but sometimes he failed to show generosity toward those he regarded as rivals, with the result that his career was full of sudden friendships and estrangements.

He was an appealing young man in many ways and yet, on the basis of what he afterwards wrote about himself, he could hardly be called an admirable character. He was possessed by cheap ambitions: his early picture of the good life was to own what he called "a lovely home," with cast-iron deer on the lawn; to drive behind "a pair of prancing bays" and to spend his evenings in "a truly swell saloon," with actors, song writers and Tammany politicians, amid "the laughter, the jesting, the expectorating, the back-slapping geniality." His taste was worse than untrained; it was actively bad except in fiction and when he was offered the choice between two words, two paintings, two songs or two pieces of furniture, he took the one that looked or sounded more expensive. In his "affectional relations," as he called them, he was a "varietist," to use his expensive word for a woman-chaser; and he makes it clear that he treated some women abominably after he caught them. If the character of Eugene Witla in *The "Genius"* is a self-portrait, as it seems to be, then his neighbors must have said rightly that his first wife was a saint to put up with him.

Yet Dreiser painted the portrait knowing that it would be recognized; and in other books he described his transgressions in the first person. Once in his life he stole money; he needed a new overcoat and held out $25 from his weekly collections for a Chicago furniture house. That petty crime must have been the hardest to confess to his readers, but he told the story in all its details, including his terror and shame when the theft was discovered. In writing of himself or his background he had a massive honesty that was less a moral than a physiological quality. It was his whole organism, not his conscious mind or his

This is the second of three articles on the beginnings of American Naturalism. —THE EDITORS

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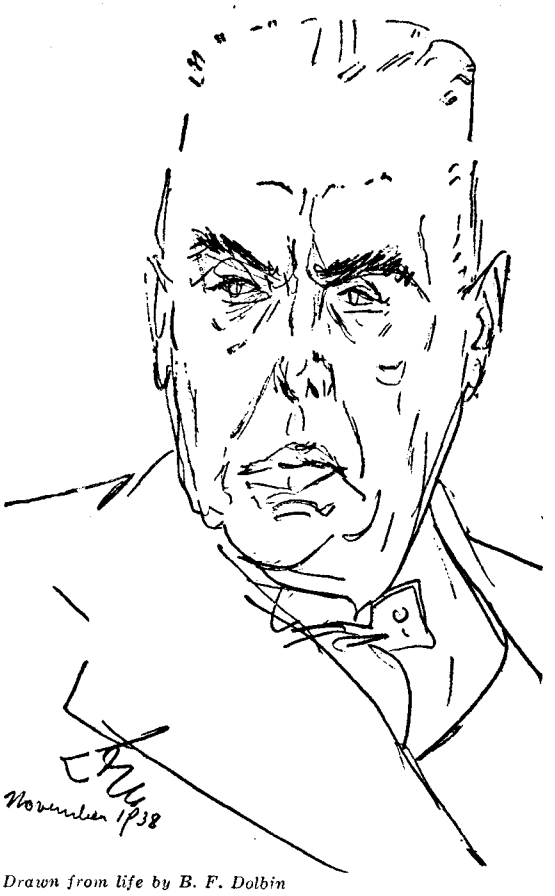
moral code, that made him incapable of any but minor falsehoods. Several times he tried writing false stories for money, but the words wouldn't come; and later in his career he found it physically impossible to finish some of the novels he had started, if their plots took a turn that seemed alien to his experience. He wasn't satisfied with easy answers. "Chronically nebulous, doubting, uncertain," he says of himself, "I stared and stared at everything, only wondering, not solving." It would take him thirty years to find—in his own life—the right ending for his last novel, *The Bulwark.*

THERE WERE always persons who believed in him and came to his help at critical points in his career. There was his mother first of all, a woman who could read a little but couldn't sign her name until Dorsch, as she called him, and his youngest sister learned to write in the second grade of a German-language parochial school; they taught her to form the letters. But the mother understood her Dorsch sympathetically; and later when he confided to her that he wanted to be a writer more than anything else in the world, she made her painful little sacrifices so that he could read and study. Then there was the teacher at the Warsaw, Indiana, high school who was so impressed by this earnest and fumbling student that later she rescued him from his underpaid work at the warehouse in Chicago where he was showing symptoms of tuberculosis; she arranged to have him admitted to the University of Indiana and paid most of his expenses for his one college year out of her slender purse.

There was a copyreader on the Chicago *Globe,* a quietly raging cynic who took a fancy to Dreiser, insisted that he be hired and taught him to write signed stories. There were various newspaper editors, including Joseph B. McCullagh of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* who trained him and pushed him ahead. There was Arthur Henry, formerly of the Toledo *Blade,* who encouraged him to write *Sister Carrie;* the writing faltered and stopped for two months when Henry went away, then started again when Henry returned, read the early chapters and said, yes, it was going fine. There was most of all his brother Paul, who helped him in his recurrent fits of depression; he would go searching for Theodore, find him hiding in a cheap lodging house, force money on him and invent a job that he could fill. Then, in later years, there were all the publishers (including Horace Liveright) who offered him large sums in the form of advance royalties on novels that in most cases were never written; who gave him the money as a business venture, partly, but also as a token of respect for the work he had done.



Drawn from life by B. F. Dolbin

THEODORE DREISER

Largely as a result of these interventions that saved him time and again, Dreiser came to have a mystical faith in his star. What he said of Eugene Witla might have been applied to himself: "All his life he had fancied that he was leading a more or less fated life, principally more. He thought that his art was a gift, that he had in a way been sent to revolutionize art in America, or carry it one step forward. . . ."

IT WAS, however, only during his periods of elation that Dreiser regarded himself as a favored ambassador of fate. When he became dejected, "he fancied," as Dreiser said of Witla and presumably of himself, that "he might be the sport or toy of untoward and malicious powers, such as those which surrounded and accomplished Macbeth's tragic end, and which might be intending to make an illustration of him." Hurstwood, in *Sister Carrie,* was such an "illustration"; his story was based on Dreiser's fancies of sinking into the depths. Cowperwood, the financier of a later book, was Dreiser riding the storm and battling among the Titans.

The result was a curious self-confidence. James Oppenheim wrote a poem about the time when he and Dreiser watched an amazing sunset over the Hudson. "Could you describe that, Dreiser?" he asked. "Yes, that or anything," was the answer. Dreiser could describe anything, from the stupid to the sublime, because in a sense he could describe nothing; he never learned to look for the exact phrase. One sometimes feels that he would have been a great philosopher if he had acquired the art of thinking systematically, instead of merely brooding over ideas, and a great writer if he had ever learned to write. Or might one call him a great inarticulate writer? There are moments when Dreiser's awkwardness in handling words contributes to the force of his novels, since he seems to be groping in them for something on a deeper level than language; there are crises when he stutters in trite phrases that are like incoherent cries.

His memoirs make it clear that what he respected in himself was the intensity of his emotions and his sense of what he calls, in another trite phrase, "the mystery and terror and wonder of life." He often heard voices. One of them—it was the voice of Chicago—spoke to him in his youth, and later he transcribed its words into a sort of elemental poetry. "I am the pulsing urge

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Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson. New York Public Library

"A TRULY SWELL SALOON"

of the universe," it said to him. "All that life or hope is or can be or do, this I am, and it is here before you! Take of it! Live, live, satisfy your heart!"

A PHRASE often applied to Dreiser by others is "standing alone" or "marching alone." "It was Dreiser standing alone who won the battle against the censors," I heard a publisher say. In his Nobel Prize address, Sinclair Lewis told the Swedish Academy that Dreiser "more than any other man, marching alone, usually unappreciated, often hated, has cleared the trail from Victorian and Howellsian timidity and gentility in American fiction to honesty and boldness and passion of life." Although Dreiser deserved the tribute, its phrasing was inexact. He marched forward and at last won the battle, but he was seldom alone, except in the fits of dejection when he hid away from the world. Even then there was always someone who sought him out, gave him money or encouragement and insisted that he go back to writing. Indeed, these helpers appeared so often at critical moments that one is tempted, like Dreiser himself, to regard them as emissaries of the powers that watched over him.

There were, however, less supernatural reasons for the support he received, and they also help to explain the abuse and hatred that made it necessary. In those days a new social class was appearing in the larger American cities. It consisted of young, ambitious, yearning, rootless men, chiefly from the Middle West, who were indifferent to the past and felt that their aspirations had never been portrayed in American literature. They knew that Dreiser was one of them, in his faults as well as his virtues, and they sensed that he would be loyal to his class. It was class loyalty that they expected of him, not personal gratitude. If he wrote great novels, they would not deal with foreigners and aristocrats, or with bygone days, and they would not be written politely for women and preachers. Instead the books would describe persons like those who helped him, like his brothers and sisters, his teachers, his newspaper friends and his publishers, who would be appearing for the first time in serious fiction. It was the new men who recognized his integrity and chose him—elected him, one might say—to be their literary representative.

The post was dangerous. Later, when he fought their battles, Dreiser would be exposed to attacks from all those who disliked the vulgarity and what seemed to be the dubious moral standards of the new class from which he came. Instead of "marching alone," he would stand in a double relationship to American society: he would be the spokesman for one group and the scapegoat of others.

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Books in Review

Big Red

EVERYBODY, it seems, wants to get into the act. The latest in a long line is *Kingsblood Royal* (Random House, $3), an angry novel about the Negro problem, with no holds barred, by Sinclair Lewis. The fact that it will be widely distributed by the Literary Guild, plus the probability that it will be most talked about as a contribution to a further understanding of the race problem, makes it difficult to review within the usual context. For the literary-minded, then, let this reviewer merely state that it is a good bit better than the recent Lewis output, but hardly ranks with his best, and let it go at that.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Briefly, the plot runs something like this. Returning to the bank in Grand Republic, Minnesota, where he had worked as an assistant cashier before the war, Neil Kingsblood hoped to settle back into a normal life with his attractive wife and his four-year-old youngster. All went well until his father, half jokingly, told him the family legend that the Kingsbloods were supposedly descended from kings. To humor the old boy, on his next trip to the Twin Cities Neil took a look into the family genealogy in the library at the state capital and found that the great-great-great-grandfather he had envisioned as a golden-haired French adventurer and explorer had actually been a Negro.

Described by the author as Nordic, bordering on the Rotarian, and secure in his social position, Neil seems hardly the ideal crusader. Yet on his return to Grand Republic, and after having carefully shielded his identity from the librarian in St. Paul, he seems suddenly imbued with the need to tell his secret to the Negroes he goes out of his way to meet, as well as to his own family and some of his close friends. Finally, out of anger at an anti-Negro speech delivered at a smoker given by the club to which he belongs, he confesses the fact publicly. He is, of course, promptly thrown out on his ear, ostracized by the town, asked to sell his home in an exclusive and restricted residential district: in reality he is forced to become a Negro. The book ends on the night a local vigilante committee moves in on his house, protected only by himself and his wife, a few Negro friends, a Jewish lawyer, a slightly confused Southern liberal, and the local eccentric, distantly related to Owen Lovejoy, the Abolitionist.

One realizes that Lewis has chosen this device as an easy shuttle between the two worlds of his white and Negro characters. It does give him a good deal of ground in which to maneuver, plus a chance to employ a satire that might otherwise be lacking. Yet, for this reviewer at least, it seems the real weakness in the novel. To believe wholly in Neil's actions, as Lewis portrays them, takes a good bit of doing; he seems to be as much motivated by an injection of truth serum as by normal shock, guilt feelings or a sense of Yankee fair play. In real life, I think, Kingsblood would have been much more apt to go quietly home from Minneapolis and, quite wisely, keep his big mouth shut.

PERHAPS it is unfortunate that Lewis did not, as did Laura Hobson in *Gentleman's Agreement,* choose a likelier hinge on which to swing his story. But this very fact, in an odd way, also strengthens his book, once the reader can get past the initial barrier of accepting the probability of Neil's actions. For Lewis is not viewing his characters with the same slightly jaundiced eye which he employed while writing *Main Street* and *Babbitt.* Looking at the racial bigotry of Grand Republic, he is mad, so mad in fact that his anger takes on a driving fury which subconsciously seems more important to him than the restricted reality of fiction. To say that *Kingsblood Royal* is a better lecture on the race problem than it is a novel is mere quibbling; it is an honest and hard-hitting book, whatever its shortcomings as a work of art.

Actually, Lewis brings no new understanding to race relations, nor does he even suggest a solution. In fact, I suspect that he hates the word race relations and has a good deal of contempt for the whole well meaning but mumbo-jumbo world of interracial committees and professional do-gooders. The strength of *Kingsblood Royal* is simply this: it portrays the racial bigotry of the average Northern community in a more basic way than it has thus far been presented in fiction and it leaves no doubts in the reader's mind where Lewis stands. Moreover, it presents characters not often found in the race novel. To many whites they may be so unfamiliar as not always to seem believable, and to some Negroes they may appear as stock figures, but the fact remains that here is a wide cross section—intellectuals, professional men, the middle class—in addition to the submerged Negro, the animal caught in a trap, who is often the only character portrayed in protest literature. Here, too,

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are Northern whites reacting in ways identical to those for which they have always censured the South, forgetting incidents like those which have occurred in Detroit and New York's Harlem. There is, we know, Jim Crow in the North and it differs little from that in the South save for legal sanction. But to many Northerners and the majority of novelists, the South has been and continues to be the main transgressor. It is this that Lewis helps to tear wide open.

Well, whether we like it or not, this *is* what is happening all over the North, as any sociologist will tell us. This *is* the way Negroes are being laid off in factories, the way restrictive covenants *are* operating, the way Negroes with college educations *are* faced with the choice of taking menial jobs or moving from city to city in search of *temporary* positions fitting their training. In the last scene of the book it is no less symbolic that the mob was led by rabble-rousers (two transplanted Southerners—a poor white on the make and a hell-and-damnation Bible shouter who preached white supremacy along with the gospel—and a Northern anti-Semite) than that in reality the whole action was instigated by the scion of one of the town's better families and a man who never in his life used the word "nigger."

I have no idea what the members of the Literary Guild are going to think of *Kingsblood Royal.* Some of them, no doubt, will cancel their subscriptions, but I have an idea that most Southerners are likely to be so delighted at seeing the North get its lumps that they may neglect taking pen in hand. Most Northerners, on the other hand, will probably be comforted by the smug reaction that this, thank God, could never happen in Worcester, Des Moines or San Diego. I rather imagine that a few of the more esthetic critics are going to take Sinclair Lewis to task, which should, at this late date, be no novelty to him. Maybe it ain't art, but, to this reviewer at least, it's a pure joy to see Lewis swinging from the heels again and, more important, having something more worthwhile to aim at than the slightly faded phantoms of his younger days.

BUCKLIN MOON

Bucklin Moon is the author of The Darker Brother, Primer for White Folks *and the current* The High Cost of Prejudice *(Messner, $2.50).*

Russia in War and Peace

THERE is something almost shocking in the realization that the epic of Stalingrad took place just five years ago. Those were grim and terrible days, when the whole world seemed collapsing, but they became days of hope, too, and there was no decent man in the democratic world who didn't raise his head a little higher when Stalingrad was mentioned. The Red Army was literally saving the cause of all of us, and in its stand rested the hope not only of victory but of a postwar world of peace, generosity and good will after so many years of tragic misunderstanding between two differing social systems.

It is its chastening quality, recalling so many memories of heroism and hope neglected, that makes Alexander

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Werth's *The Year of Stalingrad* (Knopf, $6) an important and distinguished book. There is added melancholy in the unlikelihood that this striking chronicle will be widely read, not only because of the lack of interest in quarters where reminders of Soviet wartime sacrifice and heroism would do the most good, but also because it is too long and detailed and too expensive for most readers. Nevertheless, *The Year of Stalingrad* deserves wide attention for what it has to say and the skillful manner in which it is said. Werth, who is the Moscow correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* and the Manchester *Guardian,* was born of a Russian father and British mother in Leningrad when it was still St. Petersburg. He has spent most of his life in Russia and has the skill of a good newspaperman and a conscientious historian. His book is both a personal chronicle and a military and political record of the crucial year that ended with the surrender of Field Marshal von Paulus in the ashes of Stalingrad, and I found it fascinating and illuminating.

ON AN early page Werth tells of a Soviet scientist who traveled with him in a heavily bombed and dramatically recorded convoy voyage to Murmansk, talking about what the Russian people went through in the autumn months of 1941, after the first flood of the Nazi attack. The scientist said to him proudly: "There isn't another nation which could have stood it. In any other country in the world, a month of such a life would have made the people squeal for peace." In view of the previous steam-roller record of the German war machine, the tremendous scale and ferocity of the Nazi onslaught to the East, with its savage determination to destroy Russia as a nation, and the all-out national defense, it would not have been easy to dispute him. When the second German effort to crush this unexpectedly tough enemy came in the summer of 1942, the call upon the men and women of Russia was even greater. Then came Stalingrad, where the Germans lost half a million men.

There were, the author feels, many factors leading to the Stalingrad victory, with few German tactical mistakes but many strategic and political errors included among them. Prominent in the reasons for the successful struggle was an almost mystical feeling for the Russian land—at this time, "Russia, the old word which, for many years before the war, had dropped out of official and, in the towns, even out of common usage, made its reëntry into the vocabulary of the press." It was a feeling marked by Stalin's words about "Russia, the nation of Pushkin and Tolstoy, the nation of Lenin and Plekhanov, of Glinka and Tchaikovsky," as well as the resentment that such a land had been contaminated by the treacherous invader. There was also the Soviet willingness to learn from experience, as indicated by fuller recognition of the Church and the tightening of army discipline, with the dropping of the commissar system and the glorification of the uniform. He makes it clear, however, that "the real backbone was still the Soviet system," and that it was the strength built up so painfully through iron years of socialist construction which made the victory possible.

When Werth left London to return to Russia in "the winter of Hong Kong, Malaya and Singapore, of Java and Burma," he recalls that the Soviet Union "remained perhaps the only real enthusiasm of most people in England. If there was still a good chance of winning the war, people thought, it was thanks to the Russians. If London was not being blitzed, it was thanks to the Russians, too." He felt that the enthusiasm could "even become a little tiresome at times," but, looking back on it now, the tragedy of the fading away of such international good will is what seems lamentable.

ONE of the book's major values lies in its study of the growing strain between allies which came principally from the lengthening delay of the long-expected second front. In *The Year of Stalingrad,* the controversial issue is seen from the point of view of Moscow, and is illustrated by the frequently caustic bitterness that arose as the Russian losses mounted cruelly and the happily anticipated invasion of *Festung Europa* from the West came to seem farther and farther away. Even in the matter of material assistance from America and England, arriving at Murmansk and Archangel or through Iran, the author notes that "Stalingrad was fought exclusively by Soviet men and almost exclusively on Soviet equipment," and that American equipment, which was to contribute greatly to Red Army mobility, appeared in very small bulk until after the German surrender at Stalingrad.

THE Russian bitterness, however, came from many other things, in addition to the delay of the second front, a delay which, they believed, was fostered by Churchill, despite Roosevelt's protests. There was particular distrust of Churchill, because of his long-time hatred of the USSR, his refusal to see the press while he was in Moscow and the widely circulated report that, during his stop at Cairo on the return journey, he had referred to Stalin as "that monster." Werth seems inclined to believe that the British Prime Minister did use some such phrase. Above all, there was the doubt of Britain that was a holdover from Munich. Despite the great popularity of Roosevelt, Americans contributed to the misunderstanding. The author reports how two American officers stationed in Moscow openly mocked the Russian Stalingrad claims, tells of the bad impression created by anti-Russian articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* which were taken as preferring a German to a Russian victory, and mentions the Soviet disapproval of our arrangement with Darlan. There is little doubt that the delay of the second front, necessary as it may have been, added to the Kremlin's belief that its Western allies wanted to see the USSR gravely weakened before coming to its aid.

Soviet suspicion of the London Polish government is gone into with the author's usual thoroughness. He does not defend the brutal harshness with which so many Poles were deported from the Russian-occupied sections of Poland in 1939, but he does see a certain cruel logic in the Soviet determination to remove a hostile element believed almost certain to become fifth-columnists in the case of a German attack on Russia. In addition, he reports that the Russians looked upon the departure of General Anders' Polish army from the USSR at the time of Stalingrad as a desertion of what the Poles thought of as a sinking

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ship and felt that the British and American "inside reports" indicating an imminent Red Army defeat clearly came from General Anders.

Two other recent books by Americans on the Soviet Union contain interesting and valuable information. John L. Strohm's *Just Tell the Truth* (Scribners, $3.50) is a friendly and pleasantly informal account of a long postwar trip through the USSR by the former managing editor of a magazine called *Prairie Farmer,* who saw no signs of any iron curtain and was at liberty to travel and talk to people at will. He tells of the staggering amount of war destruction, finds some collective farms more efficient than American farms, admires the treatment of minorities, believes it ridiculous to think that Russia wants war and encountered no fear of talking to or entertaining foreigners among the Russian people. *Russia: A Short History,* by Helen Gay Pratt and Harriet L. Moore (John Day, $4), is a revision of Helen Pratt's concise *Russia: From Czarist Empire to Socialism,* with two additional chapters on the past decade by Harriet Moore. It is an excellent brief history, with the latter section providing the best short summary of its period to be found outside of Walter Duranty's brilliant and strangely neglected *USSR.* RICHARD WATTS JR.

Crime and Punishment

Come and Be Killed! by Shelley Smith (Harper, $2.50). Harper's recent policy of publishing psychological mystery novels in addition to whodunits bears fruit in its latest import from Britain. Miss Smith's plausible tale of how Mrs. Jolly—rather like George Joseph Smith, the "brides-of-the-bath" killer—lures lonely spinsters to an untimely end, packs a bigger punch than any dozen routine detective stories.

San Francisco Murders, edited by Joseph Henry Jackson (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $3). The fourth in this firm's series of regional murder cases is worth the while of any reader interested in our criminal annals. Northern California seems to have produced an extraordinarily stimulating array of murderesses—Laura D. Fair, Cordelia Botkin, Emma Le Doux—and though the men are sadly outclassed, Dr. J. Milton Bowers is certainly worth the tribute of a shudder. Contributors include Anthony Boucher, Hildegarde Teilhet and Lenore Glen Offord.

Murder Miscellany. – Here are two quite out-of-the-way items, both on the tricky side. V. Sackville West's *Devil at Westease* (Doubleday, $2.50) tells—and very well—a tale of murder and bafflement in a tiny English village. Joseph Bonney, in *Look to the Lady!* (Lippincott, $2.50), rings a welcome change on an old tune when he leaves you guessing whether Julia Kane fired the shot that killed her rather inconvenient husband. Good hunting! E. H.

It's Sinclair at his amazing best!

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Labor

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THE biggest employer in the country is the US Government and it is an employer with an extremely apprehensive and unhappy set of workers.

Government workers are excluded by law from the benefits of the Wagner Act and social legislation applying to employees in private industry. Their average annual wage of about $2,500 is almost precisely the same as that of factory workers, but the government average is obtained only by including the much higher salaries of bureau chiefs, division heads, etc. More than half of all federal employees are paid less than $2,200 a year. As compensation, most of them have longer vacations than workers in private industry, but they have few other privileges. They are forbidden to strike and are circumscribed in political activity as well as in their economic life. Their wages and tenure depend on Congress, and this year's fight against insecurity—more than 500,000 jobs have been lopped off by cuts in appropriations—has left little time to advance the wage programs.

The most controversial union among federal employees is the CIO-affiliated United Public Workers, which managed last year to provoke a Ball-Russell rider to an appropriation bill forbidding payment of salaries to members of unions claiming the right to strike against the government. The UPW constitution stipulates that the union's policy shall be not to engage in strikes as a means of achieving its objectives and that a local may strike only by express authorization of the international president. After the rider was passed, the executive board reaffirmed this policy.

The UPW also met serious criticism on charges of Communist domination. This arose in part from historical factors, but it was stimulated last year by a foreign-policy resolution adopted by the union convention, calling for restoration of "friendly US-Soviet relations" and the withdrawal of American and British troops from China, Greece, France, Belgium, the Philippines, Iceland and "all friendly countries." The union was violently attacked for its failure to include criticisms of Soviet foreign policy.

The result has been to slow the growth of the UPW, particularly among federal employees who are already threatened with being "taberized"—a new verb based on the name of the economy-minded Representative John Taber (R, N. Y.)—and frightened by the implications of the President's "loyalty" program.

THE "loyalty" program, of course, is not new; thousands of government workers have been "investigated" in the past five years and have either been cleared, fired or forced to resign quietly to save themselves public embarrassment. But the witch-hunt is hotter now; many government workers were afraid to attend a dinner of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare a few weeks ago. The infection has spread far beyond Washington. In Detroit a local of the UPW asked permission to reprint a leaflet attacking the loyalty program, but preferred to omit quotations from Henry Wallace and Max Lerner.

The UPW is the only union of government employees which has criticized the loyalty program, and President Truman's Executive Order 9835 which implements it, as an attack on the elementary rights of citizens. The 11 unions among postal employees—six of them, with about 175,000 members, affiliated with the AFL; the remainder, with about 90,000 members, unaffiliated—have taken no position.

The National Federation of Federal Employees, independent, and the American Federation of Government Employees, an AFL affiliate, which compete with the UPW for the general run of federal workers, have refrained from comment on the Executive Order and have indicated support of the idea of blocking "subversives" from government service. The UPW agrees that "subversives" should be ousted, but insists that existing laws, such as the Hatch Act, adequately protect the government and that Order 9835 deprives federal employees of legal rights normally afforded "even the most depraved criminals."

The UPW finally found eight Representatives willing to introduce a bill to provide annual pay increases of $500 to balance higher living costs, and the AFL Government Employees' Council and the independent AFGE belatedly decided to seek Republican sponsorship for a temporary annual cost-of-living bonus of $480. But there is no sign that either measure will pass, and the Langer-Chavez bill, to liberalize federal pensions, also faces hard sledding.

The smug and familiar generalization that government workers have no "right" to strike has made walkouts of public employees, of all types, infrequent. But David Ziskind in 1940 carefully documented "at least 1,116" strikes of public employees, beginning with the Washington Navy Yard in 1835; and the Twentieth Century Fund's Labor Committee has emphasized the importance of collective bargaining which can be adequately used in the government service.

OBVIOUSLY there is no unlimited "right" to strike among public employees. But neither is there an unlimited "right" of a government to underpay, degrade and humiliate its workers, to smash their morale by witch hunts and deprive them of fair adjustment of grievances. Unions of public workers will grow in size and influence for the same reasons that unions developed among the employees of private industry.

WILLARD SHELTON

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Farm

Henry Luce and the Farmer

THE latest attack upon the family-size farm comes from *Life* magazine. In a recent editorial, *Life* claimed that of our 5.8 million farms, 3.8 million were marginal or submarginal and that realists in the Department of Agriculture would like to see about half this marginal population moved into cities. What plans these "realists" have for the other half of the marginal population *Life* did not say.

Life's plan—copied from the US Chamber of Commerce—is the withdrawal of price support and, apparently, most types of government support. Toward these 3.8 million peasant farmers *Life* assumes a complacent and patronizing tone. If the small farmer wants to pursue a peasant existence, we shouldn't discourage him. Maybe we should even give him a pat on the back from time to time, but certainly no dollars that would interfere with the functioning of free enterprise.

Life points with pride to the stand taken by the Poultry Institute in coming out against price support. A little analysis will show why the big poultry men are against such support. Everybody with a dab of money, particularly in times like these, wants to go out and get a pot of ground and raise chickens—and of course be protected by the price-support law. The little grower knows that even if there is a temporary depression he won't go bankrupt, as he used to. So there'll be plenty of eggs, and the fair price set by the government may also act as a ceiling and keep prices down by discouraging production and competition.

But what if there were no parity law and eggs dropped to six cents a dozen, as they did in my home town once? The little fellows would be ruined and would go out of business. The big boys would merely put their eggs into cold storage and wait for the price to rise. And the next year they wouldn't have so much competition, production would be

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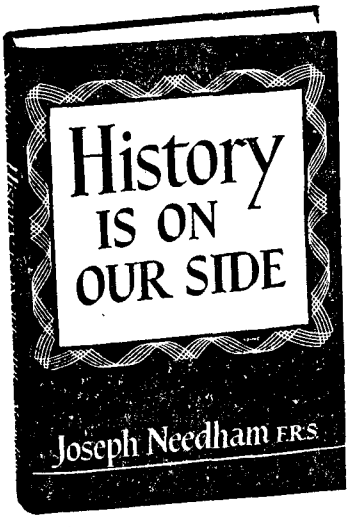

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off, and they could set the price to suit themselves.

Maybe this kind of reasoning is also behind the idea that other farmers shouldn't have price support and that the so-called inefficient producer should be eliminated. Perhaps the big boys don't want competition from family-size farmers. Perhaps they'd like a great reservoir of unemployed farmers so they could hire men for a dollar a day, as they did in the thirties. If you were a big farm corporation and your labor costs had tripled, you, too, might hate to see full employment on the farms.

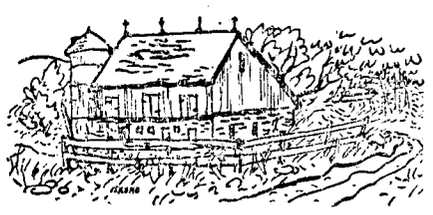
THERE has been a great hullabaloo in the press ever since the 1945 census figures came out to show that the family-size farmer is on his way out. Although the figures do show that farms are becoming larger, I do not believe they prove what many would have us suppose. I believe that the main reason for the increase in size of farms is that the family-size farm has become mechanized. There are more than 2.5 million tractors on American farms. I doubt very much if the big increases in production have come from large-scale operations. The big farms were already mechanized before the war and were producing at their maximum capacity. It is on the small, recently mechanized farms that the big increase occurred.

A survey by the Department of Agriculture in 1943 lends support to this view. Small farms—463,941 of them—that had received government assistance accounted for 36 percent of the total wartime increases of production of milk, although these farms represented only 7.6 percent of the total number of farms in the nation. These "marginal farmers" that *Life* wants to do away with produced 27 percent of the total increase in dry beans, 10 percent of the increase in chickens, eggs and peanuts, nine percent of the increase in pork and seven percent of the increase in beef and sugar beets. Although the size of the family-type farm is increasing, these farms are here to stay. The medium-size farmer is more stable than the large-scale commercial farmer who tends to overexpand with his get-rich-quick methods and often winds up broke.

It is a mistake to classify farms on the basis of size and call everything under, say, 500 acres a family-size farm. A family-size farm may be a ranch of 5,000 acres, a farm of 1,500 acres or of 10 acres. Another mistake is to assume that because farmers have been making money they are getting rich. If you ignore production increases, achieved in the main by capital investment, farmers are only 20 percent better off than they were in 1909-14. The farmer has been hit by inflation, too. Parity is now 120 percent; in October, 1946, it was 132 percent. The Index of Prices shows that farmers' expenses went from 180 on March 15, 1946, to 227 at the present moment.

I'd like to take *Life's* farm writer on a trip with me some time. Maybe if we visited Clare Pierson, New York State dairy farmer, he'd get a different perspective. Clare is completely mechanized, has a 150-acre farm, raises potatoes, milks about 20 cows and does most of the work himself. Maybe if we could visit the cotton plantations between Memphis and Little Rock, Arkansas, *Life's* farm writer might realize what large-scale farming is doing for people. He'd see cotton rows running up to the doors of the Negro shacks and not a garden, a cow, a pig or a chicken in sight. And if he went out to California he'd see real agricultural efficiency. On the great industrial farms he'd see few homes, but lots of labor camps, the kind of agricultural slums he claims exist only on marginal, family-type farms. There in California he would see the Utopia he speaks longingly of. He'd see vast feudal estates which, as my friend Frank Swett, small fruit grower in Martinez, California, told me recently, "are run by champagne and caviar farmers and hundreds of homeless seasonal workers who are lucky if they get one little crumb that falls from the rich man's table."

ANGUS MCDONALD



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United Nations News

Strategy and Sentiment

EMILE GHORY, spokesman for the Arab Higher Committee, cannot be accused of being a strong anti-fascist. When he appeared before the General Assembly last week to protect "his eminence, the chairman of the Higher Arab Committee, the Grand Mufti," he crystallized the frightened, irrational and intransigent position which the Arabs have taken before the United Nations' Special General Assembly on Palestine.

Moshe Shertok, head of the Jewish Agency's Political Department, had observed, without mentioning any names, that the Grand Mufti had been directly involved "in the Nazi policy of the extermination of European Jews." Without refuting this charge, Ghory explained that the Mufti's position was the direct result of Britain's misgovernment in Palestine. Concluding his rebuttal with an obscure and devious comparison between the Mufti and Christ, Ghory wondered whether such criticism should properly come from the same people who had crucified Jesus. The audience gasped. Chairman Lester Pearson of Canada characterized both Shertok's attack and the reply as unfortunate. Ghory was striking a serious blow against his own pro-Arab position.

Out of a maze of procedural quarrels and technical difficulties, delegates to the UN's Special Assembly were evolving a formula which they hoped would eventually bring peace and security to a large chunk of the Middle East. The Assembly's special investigating committee, composed of small, relatively objective nations, will have broad powers to look into all aspects of the Palestine problem. It can interview representatives of the mandatory power, of the Palestinian population, of the Arab governments, of interested organizations and of the displaced persons in Europe. It must report to the next General Assembly and it is probable that the Assembly will then determine the ultimate future of Palestine as an independent state. Most interested people are already convinced—as Gromyko shrewdly observed—that the British mandate cannot be continued. It may pass to the UN for a while, but the ultimate goal must be independence. In any case, the fight has now narrowed down to a contest between Arabs and Zionists. As the Assembly closed, it looked as if the Zionists had won the sympathy, if not the wholehearted support, of a good many wavering delegations.

Dr. Abba Hillel Silver, chairman of the American section of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, Shertok, and David Ben-Gurion, Polish-born chairman of the Agency's Executive, stated their views quietly. Ben-Gurion, 69-year-old leader of the Zionist movement, had flown in from Palestine to lend prestige to the Agency's statements. His fringe of white hair erect and electric, his plump, intelligent face serious, Ben-Gurion pleaded for "a Jewish state and a Jewish-Arab alliance."

IN CONTRAST to the intense but logical statements of the Zionists, the Arab Higher Committee appeared emotional, vindictive. Its strategic errors were numerous. First it sulked and refused to appear because the General Assembly had given the Jewish Agency preference. By the time the Arab representatives had been coaxed into appearing, there was evidence of fatigue among the delegates. However, Henry Cattan, when he appeared to state the cause of the Palestine Arabs, gave a creditable performance. A handsome, soft-spoken man who had had no connection with the committee during its pro-Hitler heyday, Cattan argued with indisputable logic that the Arabs had a fairly strong case, since they were the majority in Palestine.

His statements contrasted favorably with those of Ghory and Dr. Fadhil Jamali, Iraq's delegate to the UN. Dr. Jamali, a straight-backed man with a

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small black mustache, hisses his words. His position is eminently clear: "Supporting the national aspirations of the Jews," he cried, "means nothing less than the declaration of war by one people on another."

The direct result of such errors in strategy finally became obvious. The Assembly's Political Committee voted to eliminate all references to the immediate or ultimate independence of Palestine, although independence is the crux of the Arab argument. In committee, only Russia of the Big Five voted with the Arab states on the independence issue—but for a bipartisan independence, as was later explained.

DESPITE this vote, the investigating committee is not prevented from advocating Palestine's immediate independence. The omission of the independence paragraph merely eliminates any compulsion in that direction.

In fact, Gromyko made it quite clear that he anticipates a solution involving independence. In a speech to the plenary session of the Assembly, he said that the British mandate had failed; the entire mandatory system had failed. The Soviet delegation has come to the conclusion that the best and most just solution to the problem of Palestine would be the establishment of an independent, dual, democratic state with equal rights for Arabs and Jews. Only if relations between Jews and Arabs make this impossible would a partition plan be necessary, he said. Gromyko had stolen the show with the first direct statement on the substance of the Palestine problem.

He had also given the investigating committee its first official steer. The committee is composed of countries chosen on a geographical basis. Although the delegates will function as individuals, they are quite likely to follow the same reasoning that their countries have followed during the Assembly. This means that the Indian, the South American and the European members of the committee will probably want much the same kind of solution that Gromyko has advocated. Whether Zionists and Arabs will accept either a dual state or partition is, of course, another matter. JANE BEDELL

Radio

No NAM Fools!

FOR A WEEK, at 3:45 p.m., I listened to a daytime serial on the radio. There was plenty about the dramatic portion of this soaper that was different from the usual stuff expected at that time of day. But there were other things, too, that sounded strange coming from the loudspeaker. When, for instance, did you ever hear a commercial like this?

Lady, down in Washington they're trying to push through a slave-labor bill that will slice your husband's envelope right down the middle—and send the cost of living for you and your family soaring still further! What can you do about it? Well, listen, and you'll hear. . . . Now, back to our stars, in today's episode of . . ."

Many a housewife must have dropped a broom or a stitch even earlier on this program when she heard the stars, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, introduce themselves. They opened the show cold by giving their names and adding the information that they were each members of two labor unions affiliated with the AFL: the American Federation of Radio Artists and Actors' Equity Association.

If such a listener and her husband were at their radio on Thursday night at 9:30, tuned in to a station affiliated with the ABC network, they probably got another shock. The show itself was one of those star-studded specials that Americans have come to expect in connection with drives for the USO, Red Cross or other public projects. Milton Berle and Henry Morgan were both on the same program—and the careful student of this column will recall that Berle and Morgan were identified here a few weeks ago as rivals who do not exactly love each other. Bert Parks, who emcees one of the more generous quiz shows ("Break the Bank"), was there, as were Georgia ("Her Nibs") Gibbs, doing her sultriest with "Necessity," and Clayton "Bud" Collyer without the eerie sound effects of his "Superman" role. A biting satire was enacted on the

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program by Larry Haines, and the listener may have been impressed by the fact that the writer of the piece was Arthur Miller, author of "All My Sons."

But it was the opening of the show that must have bowled over many. People are not accustomed to the blunt finger on the air, except in forums and other talk shows. Here, on a variety show, the opening came from the five De Marco Sisters, gals well known to the faithful who hear Fred Allen on Sunday nights. In the same chant with which they usually summon Mr. Allen, the De Marcos sang: "Mister Public! Mis-ter Public!" And a voice like Allen's (only it wasn't) answered in the comedian's nasal tone: "It isn't the NAM, kiddies."

It certainly was anything but the National Association of Manufacturers. That day's newspapers, in fact, had carried full-page advertisements announcing the drive. "Don't be a NAM fool!" warned the ads. The sponsor was the American Federation of Labor.

THE ads and the radio shows were —still are—part of the campaign, and for it $1.5 million has been set aside. Between $300,000 and $400,000 of that total is being spent on radio. Every labor union on the talent side of the entertainment industry is behind that drive. Writers who would not touch a script for under $500 are doing the commercials for $25. Stars whose guest-appearance fees are astronomic, sing, act and gag for their union's minimum-scale. (The amount varies with rehearsal time. Berle, for instance, got $58.12 for his stint; Morgan, $62.50.) Radio's top producers and directors are knocking themselves out. Soap-opera queens and lowly continuity writers, famous playwrights and successful musicians and composers of jingles and big-time theatrical press agents are laboring together. The object of all this hectic activity is to obtain a presidential veto which will not be overridden by Congress, of the Hartley-Taft anti-labor legislation.

If you've ever wondered what labor would do if it had its own radio, listen to these shows. Three of them originate on the ABC network, with which the AFL has contracted for airing on as many of the web's affiliates as can, or will, clear the time. (ABC has 236 daytime radio affiliates, 225 at night.) The shows include a soap opera at 3:45 p.m. daily; a talk series Tuesday nights at 8:15; and the variety program Thursday nights at 9:30. The Mutual network's 400-plus stations have been signed up for transcription rebroadcast of the big variety show Sundays at 1:30 p.m. The two other major networks, NBC and CBS, have a fixed policy against selling time for "controversial" programming. They are, at this writing, scheduling free time for the AFL attack on anti-labor legislation, with equal time to be given the other side. One may argue against the policy, but it was not thought up for this occasion.

SOME liberals are charging the AFL with juvenile thoughtlessness for using soap operas and variety shows to plug a politico-economic issue. They fear that labor is now guilty of having broken the bars of radio's "impartiality," with the result that industrialists and corporations will follow the precedent. AFL people and others reply with an impatient "poppycock." They point out that big business has managed right along to promote its own philosophy through neatly wrapped "institutional" advertising on expensive programs.

My inclination is to the AFL argument. But, right or wrong, the campaign is on the air—now. You may like some of them and dislike others. I thought the first soaper was weak, and the opening variety show too full of bugs. The professionals running these shows would have taken weeks, in some cases months, to do a show of this kind for, say, General Motors or a toothpaste firm. The AFL didn't have time for such refinements; as a result, some of the wrinkles had to be ironed out on the air. But the second week showed great improvement. If you start listening by the time you read this, you'll get in on the tag-end of labor's first big venture into commercial radio. But it should be the better end, by far. You'll have to watch for the shows by time (E.D.T.) and networks as indicated above.

One of the nip-ups in this campaign is that the titles themselves have been changed twice in the first two weeks.

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Movies

Ghost Story

SOMETIMES, being 20 minutes late for a preview, I regret missing any of the picture only because I try to be conscientious. In the case of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," with Rex Harrison and Gene Tierney, I was sorry on my own account. To pair the most obvious adjectives, the dialogue of this nice comedy is engaging and witty, the actors attractive and intelligent, and the story fanciful and charming.

"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is directed by J. L. Mankiewicz, who here does a skillful job, whereas in "The Late George Apley," a big picture, he showed a marked lack of inventiveness and a highly developed pedestrian outlook. There have been a dozen stories, from J. M. Barrie to Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," based more or less on this same ghost theme, but it is still amusing. In it the protagonist is in the melancholy position of trying to make physical contact with a visitor from "beyond" with whom he has become intimate but whom, because of the rigid rules covering such cases, he finds it impossible either to beat up in rage or embrace with satisfaction.

The story of this particular movie is especially light; it is, I am glad to say, nonsense. Fairly bright nonsense should be a standard ingredient of the movies, and there is no point in setting the standards too high. But what usually happens is that the standards could hardly be lower, and that out of habit or apathy the box office holds up. This gives the industry the idea that anything goes, and since it is making money, you can't convince it to the contrary.

Despite Hollywood's resistance to the idea, sympathetic characters can stay sympathetic and still be cross and difficult and talk like people. The movies do it once in a while, but not often enough, and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is, therefore, a happy exception. The ghost is often gruff, rude and certainly unreasonable, and the lady gets furious and talks back; he roams her bedroom at all hours and comments on her figure, at which she is pseudo-insulted, as a young widow should be. But at subsequent meetings she resists the temptation to get coy about it. This ghost characterization will remind you forcefully of "Blithe Spirit" and it must be sweet revenge for Rex Harrison, the spirit-ridden victim of the earlier picture, to play here the waggish haunt. Again, the affectionate, opinionated maid —now standard on the West Coast— who loves her mistress with an ardor rarely encountered in real life, at least avoids here the mammy-servant cliché. Instead of the "I-just-want-my-baby-to-have-a-good-time" routine this maid thinks, when Mrs. Muir is busily in love with an all-too-real man, that her lady's crazy and behaving like a fool.

Just at the end, the picture begins to drag, as everyone except the dead master of the house starts to get old and gray. Mrs. Muir might have died sooner —after all, how many years does it take a woman to prove (a) she loves a ghost and (b) she's disposed to be faithful to him? Not, at any rate, eighteen.

Rex Harrison, perhaps from his previous encounters, makes a perfect ghost, and it was a good idea not to have him appear shadowy and transparent. He has a formal, detached, disembodied air about him in any case. His accent seems pretty heavy, and straight out of "Treasure Island," but having little experience with dead mariners of the turn of the century, I cannot vouch for its validity.

Gene Tierney is stately and beautiful as the widow Muir, and gives a sweet performance of a girl who is happier beset by a ghost, and incidentally forced to write his racy biography, than she is dealing with people tiresomely alive. Edna Best plays the maid; George Sanders is the living lover, and behaves the way he used to—or how to woo with words. The daughter, who had known the ghost for years but didn't want to disturb her elders by mentioning him, is Vanessa Brown, a talented actress who is beginning to look like a pretty mold and not herself.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

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Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 12)

"My gosh, it's ruinous! We worked 50 years to get the AAA! Everyone accepted it as the greatest farm legislation ever written.

"The farmers aren't aroused yet because they can't believe the news. They've got their names on the program and they look on their three-year contracts as law! The government's going to have to break all its commitments and back out on its promises. The farmers won't even get their money back.

"I'll tell you," he added, "when this thing hits them and they find out who's responsible, there'll be a regular revolution against the whole damn outfit! And I'll be there!"

It has been a cold, wet spring, and a late one. Judging from the numbers of farmers who came to my meeting, and their mood, I believe that we shall be hearing from them before long.

I WENT on from Minneapolis to Chicago. I was glad to find signs of progress and awakening there, too. The city is no longer gaining new industries, and the effects of the last depression, which hit Chicago with terrific force, can still be seen in unused lots, frozen for back taxes. The boosting spirit is largely gone out of the city, but under Mayor Kennelly a real start is being made in civic reform. The Republicans played on minority prejudices in the last election; it didn't work. As a result, the prestige of Governor Dwight H. Green, once a coming national figure in the Republican Party, has badly slumped. Now Kennelly, who has refused to be distracted by outside issues, is keeping his mind on Chicago's urgent problems—an $8 million deficit in the current budget, the uncleaned streets, the abuses within the police department, the housing shortage and the plight of Negroes on Chicago's South Side.

Within the progressive movement, the CIO is badly split in Chicago. But thanks to the wonderful liberalism of Bishop Sheil, the split has not developed along religious lines as in Detroit. The CIO-PAC is weak at present but rapidly expanding. The Progressive Citizens of America, under an energetic young veteran, Bill Miller, is starting out solidly on a precinct basis.

Miller was elated about Chicago. "Four months ago," he said, "I wouldn't have dared take the stadium for a political rally. Now it's sold out and it's the first time in history that admission has been charged for a rally." (This was also true in Minneapolis.) "The people," he added, "simply feel that somehow a peaceful solution must be found to the world's problems."

The rally itself provided the most stimulating audience I've ever spoken to in Chicago.

There is a good deal of apprehension in Chicago. Businessmen are frightened. Although they are making large profits, they are canceling orders because of uncertainty about the future. They pick up ugly rumors about a coming war and the only way they can plan is to play safe. Inventories are up, prices are unstable, everyone expects a break.

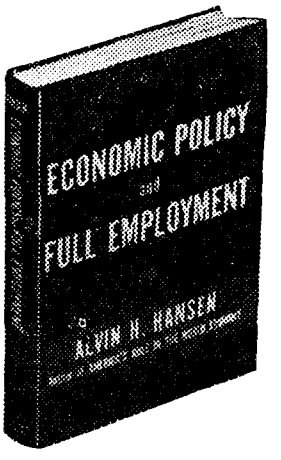
Driving down South Michigan Avenue, a cab driver said to me, "Worried? Sure we're worried. We used to make $25 with no effort. Now we work all day and half the night to make $15. Six hundred taverns are closing in Chicago," he went on. "People don't 'good time' like they used to any more. You go by a tavern on a Monday night and you see one guy drinking beer in a place that used to be full."

DETROIT today is the city of division, divisions as clear and as shocking as an open wound. There is a base of hard militant strength in Detroit. But there is a bitterness and a fear that are paralyzing and permit the reactionaries to move ahead in thoroughly alarming ways.

Detroit is the greatest industrial center in the world. Its 500,000 workers should provide the strongest progressive political organization in America. Instead, there are just two lonely progressives in the Michigan state senate. The UAW, with 891,000 members, is the largest and most democratic union in America. Its locals have all the energy

Alvin H. Hansen

"returns the barb to those who try to pin the label of 'visionary' on the planners."
(N. Y. Times Book Review)



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in the world. Most of their energy is expended in factionalism.

When the people work together in Michigan extraordinary things happen, as in Melvindale. Melvindale is a town of 5,000, huddled in the shadow of the huge, smoking chimneys of Ford's River Rouge plant. Minorities were aroused against each other and violence was rife in the days when Ford's man, Harry Bennett, ruled Melvindale. Gambling and crime were widespread. Then the people decided to act. After losing an election, they settled down to grass-roots organization. Through the CIO-PAC, they set up block captains and took up grievances on a block basis. The foulest kind of propaganda was put out against them; I saw it all. They took the city council nevertheless; now they are out for the school board.

Local 600 of the UAW is the world's largest local in the world's largest plant, the River Rouge plant. Standing on top of a soundtruck parked only a few yards from the spot where the bloody "Battle of the Overpass" took place in 1937, I spoke to some of the 70,000 members of Local 600. They stood, green dinner pails in hand, listening with intent, drawn faces—Southern Negroes, white sharecroppers, Polish and Italian immigrants. Local 600 is typical of industrial America. As I spoke, a long file of men moved through the new red-brick union building to cast their ballots in an election runoff. A bitter election feud between the leadership of the extreme Left and that of the Association of Catholic Trade Unions had ended in a left-wing victory.

BUT there is no real victory in Detroit politics. Non-labor sections of Detroit are losing patience with the quarrels of labor. Independent citizens turn wearily from politics to avoid taking sides. Major efforts, such as the recent attempt to pass a state FEPC law, end in paralyzing divisions. At a time when war is a threat, the Democratic Party barely goes through the motions of questioning Senator Vandenberg's right to lead the bipartisan bloc. The violently anti-labor Governor, Kim Sigler, is free to engage in persecution.

The Michigan Senate, with only four dissenting votes, has joined the lower chamber in passing one of the first acts of outright American fascism, the Callahan bill. This bill gives to Congress and the Attorneys General of the US and the state of Michigan the right to declare as "subversive" any "group, club, league, society, committee, association, political party or combination of individuals, serving directly or indirectly the purposes, aims or objects of a foreign power."

Congress and the Attorneys General may further declare to be subversive "any publishing enterprise, radio station, and/or similar institutions for influencing public opinion, which has originated with . . . or come under the control of subversive organizations."

They may also declare to be subversive "labor unions, societies or corporations of all kinds which have originated . . . or come under the control of subversive organizations."

The Callahan bill further provides that the Secretary of State and the Attorney General may rescind the rules and regulations of any "subversive organization" and that "in the case of labor unions dominated by foreign agencies . . . the Attorney General may bring an action . . . to deprive said labor union of bargaining rights and other privileges it may have under the law and for the appointment of a receiver to take . . . the funds of said union . . . until a group of officials . . . is installed . . . loyal to the government of the United States and the state of Michigan."

The bill provides that any man guilty of a felony under its terms is subject to a $5,000 fine and five years' imprisonment.

I SAY that this is fascism. The fact that the bill can pass with four dissenting votes through the senate of the greatest industrial state in America, to me is a damning indictment of the failure of labor and the people to realize the crucial nature of this time, and the imminence of the dangers that threaten democracy and peace. Once more I urge progressives to stop hating each other and to wake up. Traveling through the Midwest, I have seen that America is awakening. I hope the awakening will not come too late. H. W.

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Bandwagon

Never Say Die

New and broader insurance against old age and disability has been established by a decree published today. It provides for a pension at age 78. . . . The pension is payable before the age 50 only if the worker loses the use of both arms or both legs or becomes totally blind or incurably insane. – *Dispatch from Madrid to the New York* Times.

Far-sighted

Canning by the hermetic sealing process was invented in France late in the sixteenth century to preserve food for Napoleon's armies. – *From the Washington* Star.

Curtain!

When George White, whose fame as a showman rests on his glittering series of "Scandals" revues, is released Saturday morning from a San Diego (California) County prison camp after serving eight months and 16 days on a hit-and-run charge of killing a newlywed couple, he will have a pretty good outline of what his next "Scandals" is to be. – *From the New York* Times.

Rugged Individualism

Attorneys for two applicant [taxicab] companies have contended the ordinance is phrased so as to establish a monopoly for the Yellow Cab Company. This claim has been denied by Yellow, only operator here since the ordinance became effective [in 1932]. – *From the Des Moines* Register.

Guinea Pig

Up at the City Center, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo on Saturday evening gave the world première of Antonia Cobos' "Madroños," with Miss Cobos, Frederick Franklin and Leon Danielian listed for the chief roles. The press was rigorously excluded, for the work had been in rehearsal for only a fortnight or so and was considered in too rough a state to be seen by anybody but the public. – *J.M. in the New York* Times.

A Well Lit Room

The ladies wore green flowers and dresses, and the gentlemen had green neckties and lapel patches of Irish moss and shamrocks. There were shamrocks at the tables and they were potted too. – *From the Aurora (Illinois)* Beacon News.

Incommunicado

Federal Judge Michael J. Roche yesterday ordered Deputy Warden E. J. Miller to show cause March 24 why the [Alcatraz] prison held up Neumer's letter to the University of California for a correspondence course in English. Prison officials disclosed he wanted to write a book to expose Alcatraz. – *AP dispatch from San Francisco.*

"Signs of the Times"?

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If You Must Play Chess. By Arnold S. Denker. 190 pp. Philadelphia: David McKay Company. $2.

Learn Chess Fast. By Sammy Reshevsky and Fred Reinfeld. 147 pp. Philadelphia: David McKay Company. $1.

– *From a listing of books in the New York* Times.

Politics Can *Be Fun*

The new City Council today broke precedent in a turbulent session by naming a 10-man committee on committees. In the past there have been but five members. The powerful organizing group, which appoints chairmen for all council committees, will leave for Miami tonight to make its selections. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

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